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The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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To the People

WE are not, in fact, as material a nation as might seem apparent on the surface. Today is full of questionings. The fiction of doubt and speculation is with us on every side. Stark, unsentimental analysis of many national problems pervades our literature. Even the most firmly closed minds among us are aware of the cumulative force of this constant interrogation. It is not that we are, by any chance, growing more rational. In fact rationalism has failed us as it has failed the world. Science today only points to a further doubt. But, unwieldy as is the vastly vibrating machinery of our present industrialism, tyrannical as its overlordship seems, we are in the midst of a period of transition. We are, in the main, eager to hearken to the many pioneering minds among us. This state of affairs is reflected in our attitude toward literature, the theatre, all the other arts.

With the beginning of a new year there are books and plays before us that should arouse our minds to many new conjectures. One of the oldest established of American magazines opens its January issue with an article that endeavors to diagnose what is described as "our national malady." Another one, a newer one, a magazine of discussion, features such articles as one on the "Future of Christianity," and one entitled "Education tosses in its Sleep." And, of course, Mr. Mencken's clever and extraordinarily popular journal rings in 1926 with its leading article bearing the brisk title, "The People of Moronia."

It is healthy that we should, so to speak, continue this heckling and baiting of ourselves. We have become quite restless and dissatisfied, and we wish to know why. To the closed mind, it is true, the many manifestations of our restlessness seem most unfortunate. A certain percentage of any people will always strongly desire that the routine of the day be not disturbed. To them feats of the imagination and telescopes that look around the corner are a menace. They continue to desire everything cut and dried. But it is our belief, which may of course be mistaken, that this percentage is steadily lessening in this United States.

Of course what we desire to believe also is that America is perhaps, upon the verge of an emergent national faith, a faith quite different from anything that has gone before, a faith that has as yet been merely adumbrated in the arts, but for the appearance of which it seems to us that already much ground has been broken. Successful materialism must most certainly be but a way-station in our progress. Many cross-sections of it have already been put under the pitilessly analytical microscope. Many more will be. Then there will arise some synthesis, and into that synthesis will be breathed the new spirit.

It is difficult to put the matter any more concretely than that. Literature and the arts have now for some time been, as it were, working in the laboratory, toward the end that there emerge an America more genuinely creative, with a more sturdy self-knowledge, with a more candid intelligence.

If we are visionary, at least we are optimistic. Pessimism is a necessary element in thorough research. Optimism is a necessary element in any synthesis. The hope to achieve a new synthesis, informed by a new faith, is the hope of the arts today, and a valuable stimulation for the whole country.

There are immediately at hand, of course, a thousand material distractions from the most important task before us, the erecting of a new national faith. The industrialism of our time engulfs us in a million non-essentials. These non-essentials also clutter the thinking of our intellectuals, clutter the books of our novelists. All sorts of negligible issues are drawn like red herrings across the trail of the ideal. But, for all that, we think that a powerful tendency may be perceived. How powerful it may actually prove, it is hard to prophesy. It would not surprise us, however, should the truth eventually be seen to be that, with all our blunders upon our head, we are fundamentally not at all the assemblage of hard-headed business men we believe ourselves, but a race of rather misbegotten idealists, with extraordinary simian cleverness—and a dream.

In any event, our enthusiasm concerning mere natural resources and mechanical schemes is liable to shift into higher and wider enthusiasm at almost any moment now. Our marvelous gambling instinct is likely to be put to higher uses. We—the editorial "we"—await the event with interest. Happy New Year!

Unconcern

By VIRGINIA MOORE

THISTLES there are, and thwarted thyme,
And a lonely tree with a looted lime,
And pigweed tumbling everywhere:
I shall pretend I do not care,
In this small chaos I will learn
To wear a cloak of unconcern,
Falsely to pin red pimpernel
With a nagging thorn to my lapel.
Only—forgive me if I pause
And wipe two tears with spiders' gauze
For the sake of spring and flowered pear
—Not that I care, not that I care!

This Week

"Clowns and Pantomimes." Reviewed by *Jack Crawford.*
"An American Tragedy." Reviewed by *Sherwood Anderson.*
"Verdi: A Novel of the Opera." Reviewed by *Lloyd Morris.*
"Kabuki: The Popular Stage of Japan." Reviewed by *William Elliot Griffis.*
"Beatrice Cenci." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*
"The Diaries of George Washington." Reviewed by *William MacDonald.*
"Memoirs of Leon Daudet." Reviewed by *Wilbur C. Abbott.*
The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

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"The New Negro." Reviewed by *Oswald Garrison Villard.*

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An Englishman Presumes

By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

OCCASIONALLY, too occasionally, some kindly American—not the author himself—sends me an American book that he thinks I would be better for reading. One day I received the complete works, in the delightful original volumes, of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Who would not be grateful for an anonymous present like that? What critic, given the chance of hearing a new and different voice in poetry, would not throw up his hat in rejoicing? Then, I remember, I was sent Irving Babbitt's "New Laokoon"; then one of Mr. Quick's novels, "Vandemark's Folly"; then Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio"; then Fannie Hurst's "Lummox"; then Stuart Sherman's essays. I call that a remarkable list of books for one man to have received gratuitously from America—all from different and previously unknown correspondents. Finally, someone has sent me Christopher Morley's "Inward Ho!"

It is not my business, or my intention, to speak (save perhaps indirectly) of "Inward Ho!" in these columns. I have passed on the news of a real critic and essayist to one of the few audiences I command. But in the attempt to supply the non-English reader with some sort of background for the estimation of Mr. Morley's gift, I found myself pondering once more the accusation, which has lately grown so vehement, that we English critics are hostile or condescending towards American books. To myself, I confess, it seems preposterous. I do not pretend to know much about modern American literature, because I do not get the chance to learn. After all, I suppose English critics are not unlike American critics in the attribute of never buying books; they have to leave a place on their table for a writing-pad. I am a critic in a very modest way of business, but never a week passes but ten piping-hot volumes are dropped on me by the postman. By the time I have read what I have to read for bread and butter's sake, and set aside the two days in the week when I write for the sake of my soul—the last thing I dream of doing is buying more books. The most I can manage is to steady my taste in dipping into a few of the old ones.

Nevertheless, since I am a critic, I am powerless to prevent certain general conditions from shaping themselves in my mind. They may be wofully inadequate; yet even their inadequacy may have its interest: and it may have the result of reading indirectly to my better information.

First looking backwards, it seems to me to be true as a general proposition that during the nineteenth century Englishmen, so far from having been hostile or condescending to American writers, played the better part of revealing American genius to America. Even the two most specifically pan-American writers, Melville and Whitman, received their first true recognition in England. Not that I want this to be regarded as a feather in the English cap. It was necessary that it should be so. America had not yet gained the courage of its own convictions; nor did it resent the fact that England remained the final court of critical appeal.

Why is it resented now? I think, in the main for two reasons: one good, one bad. The good reason is that it is felt that an indigenous American literature has come into being, that has its roots in American society and in the American soil. We English do not *know* enough to judge this American literature with authority; our reactions may be

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true and valid when we are confronted with a work of the highest order of genius like "Leaves of Grass" or "Moby Dick," for these attain the ineffable heights at which one radical consciousness can merge with another; they touch, in their different ways, the absolute of creative comprehension. But on the lower levels, where talent rather than genius is in question, and the texture of the life represented remains an essential part of the work of art, we are too ignorant to pronounce judgment. Not knowing the background, we mistake the effect of the whole. Thus to take a simple example, "Babbitt" strikes us as extravaganza, because we do not know how to reply to the primary question: Is it satire? Or is it realism?

The second reason seems to me a bad one. America is all but omnipotent, politically and financially, in the modern world; and the consciousness of this quasi-omnipotence seems to have made particularly acute a sense of inferiority in matters spiritual. It seems to me highly doubtful whether, in reality, the inferiority exists: but now more than ever before Americans appear to me to behave as though it does. Never before, I imagine, has there been such an exacerbated effux of Americans to Europe as to their spiritual home. That they choose Paris rather than London is a sign of an essential instability: for the American who rejects America must choose England, if he wants to remain creative at all. No doubt the moment comes for the Eastern American, the spiritual heir of his great Massachusetts tradition, when he must choose between America and England; and one can well understand that, to the more finely bred of the race, England should seem less alien than an America whose centre of gravity has shifted from the Atlantic sea-board to the Middle West. (I have in my mind's eye two outstanding examples of this English choice—the late Henry James, and Mr. T. S. Eliot. No one is more delighted than I am, for personal and objective reasons, that Mr. Eliot is with us: he has brought to England a critical austerity which is as beneficent as it is unfamiliar. But sometimes I wonder whether by the change, he has not condemned him-
lf to a final sterility. I hope, and in my sanguine
oments believe, not: but if Mr. Eliot achieves
e victory, it will be a great one.)

If the choice of London is hard, the choice of Paris is impossible. It is merely a drug, and a very dangerous one. An artist must have roots; if he pulls himself up from his native soil, he must quickly strike root in another. I am convinced that an American will never find roots in Paris: the best that he will ever produce from that delusive contact is a pale imitation of "Ulysses"—the supreme example of *déraciné* art.

* * *

To pursue that fascinating inquiry would need another essay. I am concerned with the efflux to Paris here merely as indication of an essential instability which I think I discern in modern American criticism. Among those who do not take the plunge of severance it manifests itself as an aggressive boosting of American achievement, in fields where the achievement must abide the English question. Again, to take the most recent example. Miss Amy Lowell was kind enough to let me see part of her life of Keats before publication. I thought it, and think it still, a most valuable book; but there was a note of cocksureness in it which was bound to cause offence in England, where, I imagine, there are at least a dozen competent students of Keats to every one in America. When she came to the critical year of Keats's production (1819), she treated the facts with a sublime confidence in her own *a priori* methods, based on a rather naive belief that she and Keats were, as poets, two of a trade. It could not but make the judicious grieve.

What was my astonishment to find this valuable and wrong-headed book hailed in America as a great, authoritative, and final biography of Keats! There was a note of uncritical aggressiveness about the salvo of applause. "You English may think what you like, but we have delivered the goods." No one paused to consider that there are a few Keats scholars in England who might have a word to say as to the quality of the goods; no one, so far as I know, suspended judgment, or betrayed the faintest consciousness that Miss Lowell had omitted some of the most important facts of all—whole poems. It was a great biography. And I suppose it will remain a great biography for America until the time comes when Americans can admit that an American may be wrong.

Why should American criticism wish to place itself in a false position? It reminds me of nothing so much as that aggressive imperialism of pre-war Germany, bursting with the desire to pick a quarrel and never caring whether the cause was just. That was a manifest case of a great but youthful nation stung by an inferiority complex. Is this not the same?

And what is not lamentable or laughable in the whole situation is that the inferiority does not really exist. Not only is an autochthonous American literature, of which Whitman was the prophet and exemplar, actually in process of creation—Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, and I know not who besides, have nothing to expect and nothing to fear from English criticism: it is irrelevant—but, even in the peculiarly English field of literary journalism, America is beginning to take the lead.

It was this reflection that came into my mind when I finished Christopher Morley's "Inward Ho!" In what newspapers in England, I said to myself, could essays of this kind find a home? In none. They are too personal for the few English newspapers that manage to preserve the old tradition of good writing and anonymity: for the popular Northcliffe-Rothamere-Beaverbrook press they are simply too good—too scholarly, too critical, too serious, and too fastidiously written. With that reflection came another. Why is it that Americans do not proclaim a perfectly legitimate pride in the superiority of their magazines and their newspapers over ours, instead of asserting preposterous claims for the surpassing excellence of such a work as Miss Lowell's "Keats"?

* * *

It is presumptuous in one to teach Americans their own business. But surely they ought to see that the American magazine is a very great achievement. Leaving aside the great popular magazines, which are infinitely better than ours, what can England show in this kind to compare in general excellence with *Harper's, The Century, The Bookman, The Forum, The American Mercury?* Our magazines are rubbish; and our reviews are *dead*, absolutely dead: they live on a club circulation of three, four, or five thousand. The only departments of journalism where we can still claim something more than an equality is in newspapers of the very highest class—*The Times, The Manchester Guardian, The Morning Post*—and in weekly journals: and even here, now that Massingham's *Nation* is gone and this *Saturday Review of Literature* has come into being, the balance trembles uneasily.

I suppose it is that the claim is not asserted because it is felt to be commonplace. But surely it is commonplace only if regarded or put forward in a commonplace way. You have only to think that most of the great achievements of English literature in the first half of the nineteenth century owed their form, if not their actual being, to the English magazine—*The London, Fraser's, Tait's, Blackfriars, The Cornhill, Blackwood, Macmillan's, Temple Bar, The Idler, The Pall Mall* (with which the true tradition expired)—. These are glorious names in English literature: they enabled the artist and the scholar to become familiar, and taught him to address himself to an audience that was eager to learn and to know. Whether or not such an audience exists in England today, there is no means of addressing it. And your "columnists," your Morleys and your Don Marquis, to name the only two whose writing I know save by repute—what are they doing but perpetuating, under another form and under other conditions, the tradition of the familiar English essayists? Very likely they have not yet achieved a tyranny so complete as Elia's: they have still to appear sometimes too obviously in motley in order to prove that they are not being so serious as they sound; they have to demonstrate *ad oculos* that they are not "highbrow." The transitions are still abrupt. But the perfect mastery of a new instrument takes time; and certainly it is all for the good of the man of letters, in the long run, to look at himself askance and strangely, even though he is at first compelled to do it. The "columnist" is saved by his profession from losing a sense of proportion.

To conclude:

I cannot help thinking that if I were an American critic, I should not waste time in supplying my English colleague with evidence of a sense of inferiority whose existence he himself would never have suspected. I should try to follow Chekov's advice and reckon "in plus values only"; should try to take Whitman's profound revenge to heart, and make my peace with my own country: and I think, with that firm ground under my feet, I should find enough to occupy and excite me without having to seek an alien perfection in Paris or to deny to London the honors due to seniority, if nothing more.

Making Men Laugh

CLOWNS AND PANTOMIMES. By M. Wilson Disher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $10.

Reviewed by Jack Crawford
Yale University

MR. DISHER has not before the publishing of this book swum into this reviewer's ken as a writer on the history of the theatre. But if Mr. Disher knows as much about other phases of the theatre as he does about clowns and pantomimes he must keep on writing. Here is a book about a man's hobby, one that has been lovingly studied and followed for years. Like the hero of Andreiev's "He Who Gets Slapped," clowns are Mr. Disher's childhood dream. "While others were thrilled by Plutarch's lives or the light of science" Mr. Disher was dreaming of clowns. Now a hobby followed with intelligent enthusiasm is an excellent background for a book. And who is there with a soul so dead as to lack a secret or open love of clowns?

Think of the many important rôles played by clowns in the history of the stage from Will Kemp and Tarleton, the Italian *commedia dell' arte*, the "drolls" of the seventeenth century, to Deburau, to Grimaldi beloved of Charles Dickens, Dan Leno, Little Tich, until we come today to a Charles Chaplin! Or consider how often the clown has figured as hero, how many times his tragic grief hidden by his white comic mask has been made the theme of drama! The clown is the abstract and brief chronicle of all of us. That is the secret of his appeal, the secret of his laughter, and the reason that we guess his tears. But Mr. Disher can write all this more convincingly—read him for yourself.

If one might argue for a paragraph or two with Mr. Disher it would be over his analysis of laughter and emotion. Modern psychology is a kind of King Charles's head that gets into all memorials. Why we laugh and what process we go through when we laugh are two questions that still seem ponderously and unconvincingly answered in the explanations of psychology. Mr. Bernard Shaw is nearer right when he says without psychological trappings that the inadvertent sitting down upon a top hat is the funniest scene in drama. It is after Mr. Disher leaves his symmetrical diagram of the emotions to tell us of blows, falls, surprise, stupidity, and mimicry—practical matters at which your good clown is an adept—that one feels more at ease. Philosophers have never done much good with laughter. It seems to be a subject beyond them, more difficult to comprehend than Professor Bohr's atom or Professor Einstein's space. A philosopher on the subject of laughter produces the same effect that Wordsworth's "Excursion" did on Lord Byron—one wishes that someone would explain the explanation.

A clown on the other hand is a practical philosopher of the comic. His not to reason why. And it is because we all feel the pathos of his futility that he becomes the symbol of all of us. We want always to face life with a laugh, and yet we are forever arriving too late to help with the laying out of the rug. The clown is our epitome.

If one has wandered from an account of this book Mr. Disher has only himself to blame for it. He *would* start a philosophic hare in his first pages. But the historian of the theatre, who is usually an animal of another species from the philosopher, is going to treasure this book. Here are rare facts, difficult to come at in the best of libraries without an incredible expenditure of time; here are rare illustrations more difficult still to find. And those newcomers into the theatre, the bannered army of amateurs and little theatrists, will find in this history a much needed inspiration from the tradition of a great profession—the art of making men laugh.

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Dreiser

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY. By Theodore Dreiser. New York. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $5.

Reviewed by Sherwood Anderson
Author of "A Storyteller's Story"

THEODORE DREISER—what a man—what a huge figure on the American scene. There are certain American men I myself have met and am glad to have met, Mr. Dreiser, Henry Mencken, Clarence Darrow, Stark Young, Alfred Kreymborg, Alfred Stieglitz, John Marin. There are a dozen others, all notable American men to me.

America has many men of note just now, walking about, doing their work, helping to mold our minds. How clearly Dreiser stands out among them all. There will not be another like him here. He is to my mind the biggest, most important American of our times. As a writer the man is often crude, dull sometimes with unbelievable dulness, honest, tender. His tenderness is the finest thing of all. How can anyone—a writer like myself—help being sorry his tenderness does not run out more directly toward words? Surely the man does not love words as words. He is so often unbelievably brutal with them. I pick up this new, big novel of his, "An American Tragedy," and on every page there are sentences that make me cringe, words that make me cringe.

It is Christmas morning in New Orleans and I have been all morning reading Dreiser's new novel and Amy Lowell's "John Keats"—going from one to the other. They are both unfinished as I sit writing. What a fine sensual love of words in Miss Lowell. What a lack of it in Dreiser. But what corking American writers. American writing was never so fine as it is now. Do you believe with me that Mr. Theodore Dreiser is more responsible for that fact than any other American? I get it very keenly as I sit writing this article. Miss Lowell of Massachusetts—Dreiser of Indiana.

In New Orleans—in the poorer section where I live—the neighbors all get drunk on Christmas. A drunken man, in sport, has just taken all his wife's best clothes down into the yard and soused them in a washtub. Now she will have to stay home all day and take care of him. He laughs hoarsely. The wife laughs and swears.

These are Dreiser's kind of people—these in their grim and gay moments. Common Americans, undistinguished. What a lot of them. How the man Dreiser has loved and understood them.

And yet look what the man does. Right at the beginning of this new big book—on page ten—read this. He is describing his hero's father:

To begin with, Asa Griffiths, the father, was one of those poorly integrated and correlated organisms, the product of an environment and a religious theory, but with no guiding or mental insight of his own, yet sensitive and therefore highly emotional, and without any practical sense whatsoever.

"No guiding or mental insight of his own." Great God! One's mind jumps away to other fellows of the ink-pots—say George Moore in the "Brook Kerith," Stark Young's jeweled clearness, Henry Mencken's gay word rattling, Mr. Stuart Sherman's solid prose.

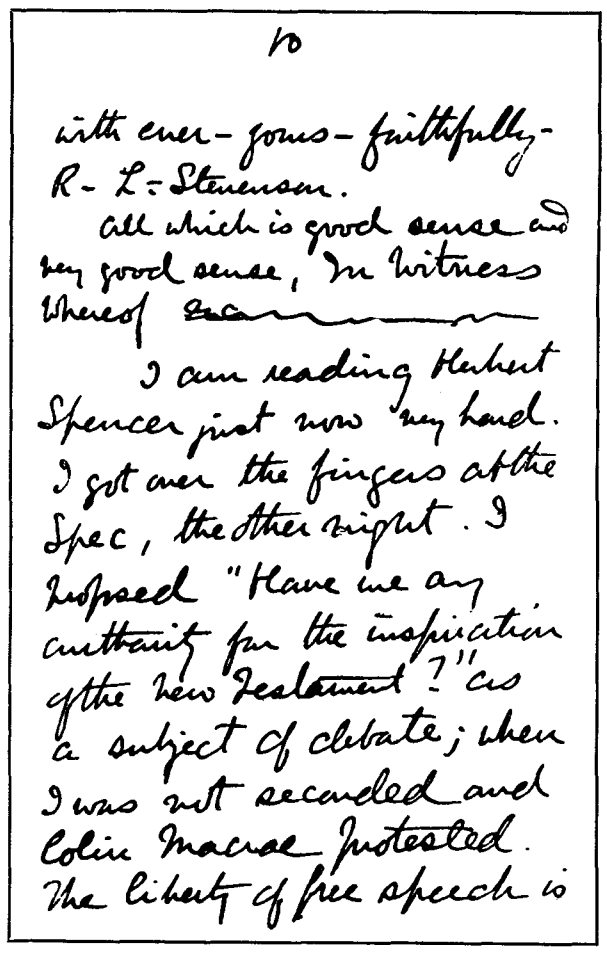
Plenty of word lovers in the world, loving words, slinging ink. But Dreiser isn't one of them. If you look for word-love in his book you'll get left. Love of human beings you'll find. It's a finer attribute in the end. Lay your Dreiser book over against the book of any of the modern "smarties" among our writers and you'll understand. You'll understand also why all men here who care about writing care so much for Dreiser.

You go on for endless pages of dulness with Dreiser, like walking on the prairies, say of the Dakotas or in the desert country, endless piling up of heavy cumbersome sentences, something level and low, with a dreary sameness you think at first will drive you mad.

If you think you are going to escape Dreiser by realizing he can be dull you are mistaken. He'll get you in the end. Buy this book and read it all. Don't be finicky. It will reward you as every book of Dreiser's always does. You'll never get the beauty of the prairies or the desert by being mincing and finicky. They are beautiful. So is Dreiser and his work. You have to pay for beauty. Pay for it in Dreiser by going right on through with him. Take along water, bread, and wine. Prepare for a journey you'll never forget. Take a day off, two days, a week. Go up into the country for a weekend alone—take Dreiser's two volumes with you on a train journey. Find out, once for all, the difference between a human flesh and blood, male man, full of real tenderness for life, and the smarties, the word slingers, the clever fellows, the nasty cocksure half men of the writing world.

All that Dreiser misses in feeling for words, sentences, the page of the book, he pours out into tenderness for people. He goes with his people into every little detail of their lives. The drama grows slowly bigger and bigger. A Dreiser book—Dreiser's people—you never forget. That's a lot. That's everything. That's what makes Dreiser what he is—the most important American writing. More than that—the most important man writing English.

I'll not go on any more about Dreiser's bad sentences. You'll find them on every page of his book like sage brush on the desert. You go around anywhere in America where men and women who care about writing get together and you'll hear the same thing. Everyone begins by speaking of the terrible sentences of Drieser. Then they speak of other things for a time and come back to the man Dreiser. Tenderness creeps into voices. Every writing man and woman in America who really cares about writing loves this man. And it isn't Dreiser, the human social being, they love. He keeps himself to himself, is that odd thing among writers, a truly modest man. What other American writers love is Theodore Dreiser the writer as he is in "An American Tragedy," with all of his sins on his head, just as he always is.



Facsimile of a page of Stevenson's letter to his Cousin Bob. From "The True Stevenson," by George S. Hellman (Little, Brown).

I am not going to try to talk of these two new volumes in detail. Frankly I haven't had time to read them enough for that and I won't be hurried. And anyway, you can't get at Dreiser that way. Buy and read "An American Tragedy." Stand the two volumes upon your shelves. An American library without Dreiser complete is just no library at all—at least not an American library.

It comes to this—that the great human tenderness of Dreiser, that has got into his work in spite of his word heaviness, is in "An American Tragedy." There is no smartness, no cleverness. There is just the man we American writers love and respect above all other writing artists here—the biggest man we've had. And that's enough.

Get and read "An American Tragedy" for yourself if you have any feeling for American writing. That's all I can say.

Fact and Fable

VERDI: A NOVEL OF THE OPERA. By Franz Werfel. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by Lloyd Morris

A DISCREPANCY between anticipation and performance accounts for the degree of my disappointment in Herr Werfel's "Verdi." The novel was received with unusual enthusiasm in Germany and Austria. For almost a year reports of its exceptional merit have been current in this country. A number of critics, familiar with the German text, have praised it highly. Its reputation was established before "Verdi" appeared in an English version. After reading this version, I am impressed chiefly by the inadequacy of the novel to its prestige.

In a brief foreword, the author remarks that a dozen years intervened between the conception of the novel and its composition. Æsthetic difficulties were responsible, in part, for this delay. Of these not the least, in the author's opinion, was the necessity of making the novel "move upon two separate planes, the poetic and the historical;" of making it march "simultaneously in the world of fable and the world of fact." This definition of his problem explains the effect of Herr Werfel's book, which marches simultaneously in two worlds that remain separate and conflicting. It is alternately a critical biography and an historical romance of outmoded pattern. It falls between exposition and narrative; it accomplishes neither. Had Herr Werfel achieved the coalescence of his two planes, the identification of his worlds of fable and fact, he would have established a consistent æsthetic foundation for his book. He did not; his book is something other than fact, but something less than fiction.

The fable recounts an apocryphal visit to Venice by the septuagenarian Verdi in 1883, during the period of infertility which extended from "Aida" and the "Manzoni Requiem" to "Otello." The veteran composer, despairing of a renascence of his inspiration, is spending his energy in futile attempts to complete "Lear." He is the victim of a melancholy self-distrust accentuated by his awareness of hostile criticism. Wagner has been proclaimed his successor; the music drama has been hailed as the annunciation of a regenerated operatic art. Wagner happens to be in Venice; the rivals confront one another twice without speaking. Toward Wagner, whose music he scarcely knows, Verdi is propelled by a love that is akin to hate. But his decision to visit Wagner comes too late, for the German has died.

* * *

"Verdi" evokes the memory of another novel of which the action takes place in Venice during the same year and involves at least one of the same characters; d'Annunzio's "Il Fuoco." Whatever its demerits, and it has many, "Il Fuoco" is superior in power and intensity to "Verdi." One has but to recall d'Annunzio's dramatic representation of the carnival, and to compare with it Werfel's turgid description of the same event; the one is dynamic, vital—the other, static and expositive. Verdi, as protagonist of Werfel's fable, seems scarcely to live; he moves, like a marionette obedient to the author's hand through a series of episodes while the author speaks his lines from the wings. Wagner, who does not enter the fable as a character but is intended to enter as an influence, is reduced to the status of an hypothesis; he becomes, to the reader, the shrewd analysis of a psychological equation, the diagnosis of an influence. The subsidiary characters are, for the greater part, purely conventional; a voluble old patriot, his romantic son, the son's mistress and her husband, an ambitious prima-donna, a radical musician, a violent detractor of Verdi's fame. There is a certain irony in the signal artistic achievement recorded in this novel; the figure of a fantastic centenarian, a lifelong devotee of opera, whose all but imperceptible vitality scarcely distinguishes him from an automaton. In creating his intended automaton, the author has created convincingly. Unfortunately, however, he has created only automata when he intended the creation of living characters.

In its incidents the novel is similarly deficient. Every incident exists, not as a term in a narrative progression, but as a convenient means for the illustration of some particular virtue with which the

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author wishes to endow his protagonist. Thus Herr Werfel manufactures a series of insignificant episodes to exhibit Verdi as democratic, magnanimous, chivalrous, loyal; the reader becomes bored by the virtues and aware of the insignificance of the episodes as elements of a coherent narrative. From all of this Verdi fails to emerge as a synthesis equivalent to character. He remains a puppet, reverently tricked out in the counterfeit of heroic attributes.

As critical analysis, both musical and biographical, the novel sustains itself; as fiction it fails. Its failure, one suspects, is largely due to an inadequate re-creation of factual materials.

The Japanese Theatre

KABUKI: The Popular Stage of Japan. By Zoe Kincaid. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925.

Reviewed by William Elliot Griffis

IT STANDS to reason that an alien can the better understand and appreciate what he sees on the stage of a strange country after he has lived intimately among the people, learned their language and traditions, and studied with sympathy their art and cherished ideals and their literature. A knowledge also of their dramatic writings is a powerful aid in discernment of both the limitations and excellencies of the favored histrionic interpretations of the national ideals and traditions. Added to these, may be chats with the patrons of the theatre as to why they like or dislike a particular play or actor.

Such an experience or privilege it seems to me is especially important when, as in the case of Japan, the theatre has developed on the soil during centuries, with scarcely any borrowings from foreign, even adjacent lands. Even more so is our thesis imperatively true when the stage furnishes now the only mirror of that Old Japan, which, before its onset and clash with Occidentalism, commercialism, and modernism, has utterly passed away.

So far, one may justly affirm that many foreigners have written about the Japanese theatre —almost wholly in the usual patronizing way of the visitor or tourist, without real insight into the conditions of life in the Islands of the Sun. Some, with native aid, have made creditable translations of standard dramas. Yet on our fifty-five-foot shelf of books relating to Japan, none can approach in value as history, in judicial appraisal, and in clear insight this work of an English lady, Zoë Kincaid. To personal presence and critical inquiry she adds a pretty thorough acquaintance with the repertoire of native dramatic literature.

It is, however, the outstanding limitation and infirmity of British writers on Japan that they almost wholly ignore what Americans, not only in general, but even on special lines have done in Japan before them, or written of the country and people; and this, notwithstanding that, in a large degree, Americans were in the majority in beginning the social life of the foreign denizens in the Princess Country.

* * *

Nor were they behind in interpreting the life of the past, as the fifty or more volumes of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan amply reveal. Among the very first to show deep insight and appreciation of the theatre and actors in Tokio was the late Edward H. House, formerly a theatrical critic of the New York *Tribune*. But where House knew only the metropolitan stage, the reviewer was often attendant also upon the provincial theatre of Fukui, in the far interior, where all the purely national ideals and customs were in full force with little or no foreign influences to modify. One rarely heard then the word "kabuki," for the popular term was "shibai" —redolent as in the old Greek and Roman world of outdoors and sunny weather. As a people, the Japanese spend every available minute away from roofs and walls. Moreover, besides the stated performances indoors, the fun and novelty of seeing the strolling players, as well as the tricks beloved of the populace, and the local hits, puns, and "take-offs" of the Kagura, or Lion of Korea, at the great picnics, the Buddhist festivals, and what in America would be the county fair, at which, as even in the Empire State, one sees the multitudinous and real American—so, in Japan the genuine native. He knew what exhilarated to rapture, what depressed to sobs, or wet the sleeves and paper handkerchiefs, what thrilled to heated pulses, what in pathos set eyes leaking, and what in low comedy caused spectators so far to forget themselves in action that the theatre police had often to function actively. Many were the illustrations in the audiences of hypnotic and apparent double consciousness.

Perhaps these experiences in the capital and province, with familiarity with the national legends read on the tattooed backs of the "bettos," the ideals of boasting youth, and the literature most popular with boys and girls, have helped the reviewer the more to appreciate so highly Miss Kincaid's encyclopædic work, which must take its place as *the* book on the Japanese popular stage.

Having seen the hieratic and classical No at the Imperial Court—so finely interpreted and described by Mrs. Fraser (sister of Marion Crawford) in her "Letters from Japan"—the marionettes in the doll theatre, and pretty much every style of Japanese histrionism, I can sincerely praise the patience, industry, and insight shown in this volume. It reveals in fulness and for the first time "this manifestation of the pure spirit of the people, with minds relaxed, enjoying the theatre art that pleased their ancestors." As in most lands, the theatre of Nippon arose out of the church and religion, but in Japan the striking fact, so little noted by alien writers, must not be ignored that the popular theatre, as well as the literature for the first five hundred years (from the seventh to the twelfth century) was the work of women.

* * *

Of the author's eight books and twenty-nine chapters, six chapters are devoted to the audiences, the conventions, and craftsmanship of Kabuki—with its "flower-paths, extending out into the auditorium," its revolving stage, etc—the school of acting and the ceremonials of the actor. Considering that Japan had her popular theaters, beginning in 1596, in the dry bed of the river Kamo, in Kyoto, and that its evolution was almost wholly without foreign elements, its story reads like a wonder tale. Six chapters more tell of the origin of Kabuki and its progress in the three cities, ever rivals, of Kyoto, Osaka, and Yedo. The theatre, sharing the ups and downs of the political fortunes of the country, was in suffering or rejoicing, along with the changing tides of economics, philosophy, and taste in art and literature. The Yakusha and the rise of those actors of literary or creative power and genealogical fame, of the Danjiro and Toguro names, which still sway the fortune of stage and audiences, are finely treated. In five chapters, the themes of the Shibai, or the expanded craft and the interferences of government — arising professedly from the instinct of guardianship of the public morals, but in truth less from any puritanical idea than from jealousy felt by the upper or ruling classes—are finely handled. Another phase, to which five chapters are devoted, was the Sakusha, in which literature and theatricals are even more closely associated.

Finally we have description of the theatre and its patrons during the renowned Meiji (Enlightened Government) period (1868-1912) and of Tai Sho (Great Righteousness) the era of today. With a bibliography and index, the portly volume of nearly four hundred richly illustrated pages closes. Surviving the great earthquake of 1923, is the new Kabuki-za opened January 6, 1925, in which are seats for four thousand people. No foreign innovations have lasted long. In place even of the electric lights, many still prefer the old system of kurombo (black men) holding candles at the end of long poles to show the facial expressions of the actors. The reviewer recalls one exhibition of hara-kiri—with four-candle-power illumination—that required twenty-two minutes, by the watch, to satisfy the crowd of intense spectators.

The reader will gather that in this book we have a readable and satisfying encyclopædia of the history of the Japanese popular theatre.

De-Romanticizing Beatrice

BEATRICE CENCI. By Corrado Ricci. Translated from the Italian by Morris Bishop and Henry Longan Stuart. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by Ernest Sutherland Bates

ONE by one, our idols are broken and the shrines left empty. First, Guido Reni's supposed portrait of Beatrice Cenci, in which Hawthorne, aided by the title, could see "the very saddest picture ever painted or conceived," was proved to be an entirely conventional picture in the popular style of the day on an entirely fanciful subject. Now comes Corrado Ricci with an elaborate six hundred page study, fortified by complete documentary evidence, in which he tears the garments of romance from Beatrice herself.

She was young, beautiful, and unjustly treated by her father; she showed remarkable firmness during her trial and at her execution; further than that one can no longer go. The murder of her father—a particularly brutal and stupid one—was actuated by no loftier motive than an excusable personal resentment, and was carried out by her lover (by whom she probably had an illegitimate son), with the assistance of a paid assassin (who, incidentally, received only an old cloak and four dollars and a half in cash for his share in the crime). The incest motive is shown to have been a belated invention of her lawyer, Farinaccio, toward the close of the trial and unsupported by the evidence.

The trial itself seems to have been conducted with great fairness; the book, while written without Catholic bias, shows the Papacy to have been fully as active in the maintenance of justice as any modern state. Nevertheless, if ever a man deserved to be murdered, it was surely Francesco Cenci. The crime of which he was accused by Farinaccio was almost the only one which he did not commit. And at that, his cruelty, cowardice, treachery, profligacy, and meanness seem pardonable in comparison with his incredible dirtiness and nastiness. Signor Ricci writes "Our repugnance for this beast and his obscenities is such that . . . sheer disgust has several times interrupted our task; we have been induced to resume it only through the sense of the duty owed by an historian." This duty fulfilled reduces the legend of the Cenci to a level with police court annals.

* * *

When Shelley's drama was published in 1820, the critics agreed that "guilt so atrocious as that which he paints in every one of his dramatic personages never had either individual or aggregate existence." Yet Shelley's Cenci differs from the reality as Milton's Lucifer from Dante's demons. It is fortunate that Signor Ricci's book was not then in existence as it would have deprived the world of one of its greatest dramas; the idealizing genius of Shelley would have found no inspiration in such a sorry tale. Yet despite the ugliness of his theme, Signor Ricci has traced its furthest ramifications with such conscientious care that, besides being an absolutely definitive treatment of its subject, it presents a vivid picture of the whole of Italian society at the end of the sixteenth century. Mr. Bishop and Mr. Stuart have also risen to the importance of their task and have produced an admirable translation.

The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Washington's Diaries

THE DIARIES OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1748-1799. Edited by JOHN FITZPATRICK. 4 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

THE material contained in these handsome volumes constitutes beyond question one of the most important human documents that has lately been added to the literature of American history. Not all of the material, to be sure, is new. "Unrelated portions" of Washington's diaries have been published from time to time, notably the account of the early visit to the Ohio country and the record kept from 1789 to 1791. What has been published hitherto, however, Mr. Fitzpatrick tells us, is hardly one-sixth of what has survived, and the public spirt of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, who have supported the present undertaking, and the learning and skill with which Mr. Fitzpatrick has done his editorial work, deserves the most hearty praise.

The diaries, such as they are, begin in 1748 and extend to the day before Washington's death in December, 1799. The gaps, however, are considerable. Mr. Fitzpatrick thinks it probable that the earlier diaries were kept "only as records of special and unusual times, such as the trip to Barbadoes in 1751-52," while the two diaries of the French and Indian War period were "more in the nature of official reports than private diaries." From 1760 to 1767, too, the entries are irregular. From the latter year until June, 1775, on the other hand, the record runs on without interruption. Then the stress of war banished diary-keeping, and with the exception of entries for a few months in 1781, including the Yorktown campaign, and the brief period of a western journey in 1784, the diary was not regularly resumed until the beginning of 1785. Thereafter the entries are continuous until the latter part of 1789, and continue with many gaps until 1791, after which date the entries are brief and of a different character. Mr. Fitzpatrick, who thinks it probable that the diary was kept regularly from 1789 onward, is inclined to ascribe the numerous gaps mainly to the loss or destruction of the original manuscripts. It is to be hoped that the detailed chronological list which he has prepared of both existing and missing portions may result in the discovery of some, at least, of the parts that are lacking.

* * *

From the point of view of public affairs the diaries, it must be admitted, are somewhat disappointing. With the exception of the first two years of his presidency, when Washington appears to have noted in a good deal of detail the things that happened from day to day, hardly any of the important political events of the time are so much as mentioned. But for Mr. Fitzpatrick's informing notes the reader would find little to remind him of the stirring events that filled the years from 1763 to 1775, when colonial resistance to Great Britain was being prepared. For November 1, 1765, for example, the day on which the Stamp Act went into effect, the only entry in the diary is: "sent 1 Bull, 18 Cows and 5 Calves to Doeg Run in all—24 head branded on ye Buttock GW." Another period of silence covers the sessions of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, although, for that, the injunction of secrecy imposed by the convention offers an excuse. What Washington had to say about politics he appears to have reserved mainly for his letters, and since the volume of his correspondence was great, we may perhaps assume that he did not think it worth while to repeat in his diary what he had already written to his friends.

What the diaries do give us, on the other hand, is an interesting view of Washington as a man. One of the disadvantages of having soldiers and statesmen as national heroes is that their public life comes to be pretty much the only aspect of their existence that is thought of, and the fact that they had also a private life to be ordered and personal interests to be cultivated or conserved is likely to be forgotten if the story is not scandalous. The publication of Washington's diaries gives us at this point an intimate picture of real importance.

Washington was first, last, and always a planter. From the time when he took possession of Mount Vernon until public duties claimed him, he passed almost all his days on his estates, and the multifarious duties of supervision and planning occupied his time and his thought. If he cared for reading, his diaries do not show it, and on the cultural side his life was narrow and prosaic enough. Day after day we find him in the saddle, riding over his plantations, overseeing the labor of his slaves, of whom he came to have two hundred and more, directing the sowing and harvesting, and carefully setting down at the end of the day the state of the weather, how the crops came on, when, where, and how much the ditches were being extended, how the cattle and horses fared, or what success attended the breeding of dogs. As a planter he was, it would seem, both methodical and progressive, and the minute record of prices and sales goes hand in hand with accounts of his efforts to improve the prevailing methods of cultivation and his experiments with new plants.

* * *

Between cultivating land and speculating in it the interval is not great, and Washington spanned it early and easily. In 1763 he took part in an ambitious scheme for draining the Dismal Swamp in North Carolina, and references to the project appear in his diary for the next three years. His journey to the Ohio country in 1770, on behalf of the Virginia officers who, with himself, had been granted land in the region for their services in the French and Indian War, showed him to be possessed of a keen eye for good land and all requisite shrewdness in acquiring it. Later, in his presidential tours of New England and the South, he was constantly noting the quality of the soil and the state of the crops, and asking questions right and left about the general condition of agriculture. Mr. Fitzpatrick notes that he was one of the first Americans to pay attention to the coal fields of Pennsylvania, and he had an exceptional knowledge of trees and wilderness life.

With all his preoccupation with farming and his reputation for dignity and formality, however, he found time for hunting, fishing, card-playing, and dining, and long before the Revolution the stream of guests had begun to flow. Rather curiously, the references in his diary to the social and political life of which he was a part show little early hostility to the British régime and no apparent apprehension of war or political separation. At the election at Alexandria on December 4, 1771, which returned him to the House of Burgesses to succeed himself, he paid twenty-five pounds and upwards for a ball, with a fiddler and cakes, as became a gentleman who was one of the largest landholders in the colony. On a visit to New York in May, 1773, to place the young John Parke Custis in King's College, he dined with General Gage, his old associate in the Braddock campaign, and a year later dined and spent the evening with Governor Dinwiddie on the very day on which the governor dissolved the Virginia House of Burgesses for expressing its sympathy with Massachusetts under the Boston Port Act; then, on June 1, he "went to Church and fasted all day," as the proscribed House had appointed. There were teas enough in Philadelphia during the Constitutional Convention to keep him busy almost every day, and during a recess of the convention he went fishing.

* * *

On the rare occasions when the diary mentions politics or general American affairs the entries are usually serious. On May 1, 1781, when the diary was resumed after a lapse of nearly six years, the first entry is prefaced with the following gloomy picture of the state of the country:

> Instead of having Magazines filled with provisions, we have a scanty pittance scattered here and there in the different States. Instead of having our Arsenals well supplied with Military Stores, they are poorly provided, and the Workmen all leaving them. Instead of having the various articles of Field equipage in readiness to deliver, the Quarter Master General (as the denier resort, according to his acct.) is but now applying to the several States to provide these things for the Troops respectively. Instead of having a regular System of transportation established upon credit—or funds in the Qr. Masters hands to defray the contingent expences of it we have neither the one nor the other and all that business, or a great part of it, being done by Military Impress, we are daily and hourly oppressing the people—souring their tempers—and alienating the affections. Instead of having the Regiments compleated to the new establishment . . . . scarce any State in the Union has, at this hour, an eighth part of its quota in the field and little prospect, that I can see, of ever getting more than half. In a word—instead of having everything in readiness to take the Field, we have nothing and instead of having the prospect of a glorious offensive campaign before us, we have a bewildered and defensive one—unless we should receive a powerful aid of Ships—Land Troops—and Money from our generous allies and these, at present, are too contingent to build upon.

It was the darkness before dawn, for in a few weeks the successful Yorktown campaign, of which the diary gives an especially full acount, was under way.

When the Constitutional Convention completed its work in September, 1787, Washington returned to Mount Vernon and resumed his planter's life. Scarcely a hint appears in the diary of the struggle in the States over the ratification of the Constitution. On June 28, 1788, however, news having been received at Alexandria that Virginia and New Hampshire had ratified, he attended a dinner and celebration there in honor of the event, but taking care to visit all his plantations *en route*, and entering at the end of the day the usual record of planting, ploughing, harrowing, and seeding. On January 7, 1789, he "went up to the Election of an Elector (for this district) of President and Vice President," and dined on "Venisen" at Page's Tavern "with a large Company." From February to September of that year the diary is missing, and we accordingly have no record of the election of Washington as President, or his triumphal journey to New York, or the first months of his presidency. A note by Mr. Fitzpatrick recalls the little known fact that short crops and other causes had brought Wasington into debt, and that he had to borrow £600 of his friend Captain Richard Conway to satisfy the claims of "numerous people in Alexandria and elsewhere."

* * *

Washington is not commonly thought of as a traveller, but the record of his journeys, which were many and long for that day, compares well with the accounts which other American and foreign travellers have left us. On a journey to the Ohio country in 1784 to inspect his landed property, he packs his diary with detailed information about the progress of settlement, the state of agriculture and trade, and the habits of the people. He was keenly alive to the importance of the West, and records clearly his belief that unless the region were made accessible from the Atlantic coast by roads and waterways, the development of commerce with Spanish, French, and British territory by way of the Ohio and Mississippi would gradually alienate the attachment of the West to the Union. On an official tour of New England in the fall of 1789 we find him asking questions everywhere about land, trade, and manufactures, and recording the answers faithfully and fully in his diary along with his own observations and the account of official entertainment. At Hartford he ordered a suit of domestic broadcloth, "not of the first quality, as yet," but "good," and wore the suit, with buttons made at the same place, at a reception following the opening of Congress in October. In March, 1797, he set out on a tour of the South which took him as far as Savannah, with a week at Mount Vernon going and two weeks returning.

Washington's second term as President closed on March 4, 1789. Of the inauguration of his successor, John Adams, and the affecting scene in the House of Representatives, where, as Adams wrote to his wife, "was a multitude as great as the space could contain, and I believe scarcely a dry eye but Washington's," the diary characteristically makes no mention. "Much such a day as yesterday in all respects. Mercury at 41," is the only entry for the day. Three days later he left Philadelphia, then the capital, and on the 15th "got to Mt. V. to dinner." The diary continues with little interruption, but the plantation record was not resumed, the weather and the endless succession of visitors being almost the only happenings set down. The last entry was made on December 13, 1799: "Morning Snowing and abt. 3 inches deep. Wind at No. Et., and Mer. at 30. conth. Snowing till 1 o'clock, and abt. 4 it became perfectly clear. Wind in the same place but not hard. Mer. 28 at Night." The next day, bled to excess by his physician for a sudden cold, he died, distinguished victim of the crude medical practice of the time.

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Vitriolic Reminiscences

MEMOIRS OF LEON DAUDET. Edited and translated by ARTHUR KINGSLAND GRIGGS. New York: The Dial Press. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

TO THOSE who enjoy the grilling of their fellow-creatures—and there are few of us who do not—no book of recent years will afford more entertainment than this selection from the vitriolic "Souvenirs" of the French Royalist. One need not trouble much with the mystical royalism which fills the concluding pages of the volume more than to wonder how such a confirmed cynic can, at the same time, be such a devoted upholder of divine right. Fortunately not even a royalist need be consistent, and as so many of these barbed shafts are directed against the upholders of that institution which of all things in the world M. Daudet holds most detestable, the paradox may find whatever explanation it can out of that circumstance.

From the opening paragraphs when the author tells how first Renan with a face "like that of an elephant who has lost his trunk"; then Gambetta "as big around as a table set for twelve, and as red in the face as a man who has just swallowed a flag the wrong way," promised the youthful Daudet "We'll do something for you one of these days," the same note of contempt, the same brilliant, bitter descriptions fill the book. Especially for Hugo. How he despises Hugo, his works and especially his admirers! Catulle Mendes wrote a "second-rate poem" on the Master's birthday; and "Catulle Mendes writing about any sincere feeling is like nothing so much as a slimy worm crawling over a sound piece of fruit." Hugo's son-in-law, Lockroy, and his "crowd" of professional politicians, the "real rulers in the poet's drawing room." "The skin of the lion was infested with these fleas." Of them all only one of these republicans extorts his praise. It was Clemenceau—and even he, despite the generous tribute to his great services, was, in 1913 "nothing but a little garrulous old man chattering outworn formulas," whence he redeemed himself by "a glorious change of front, in which one sees the hand of Providence."

It is not all gall and wormwood. Daudet has his admirations. Read what he says of Forain, or Carriere, of the physician-scientist Charcot. He believes in honesty and simplicity, in decency, above all in loyalty. He has a hatred of sham which is a passion, and a rare and generous passion. His scalpel is reserved for the crooked ways and men, for stupidity and hypocrisy. And there are few men of this time who have developed the art of removing the epidermis of their enemies more neatly and skilfully. If it is not a pleasure to be skinned, one may at least admire this genius for skinning others.

Moreover he is one of those rare creatures, an admirable story-teller. Every page is alive with anecdotes. Before us defile all the great names of two generations of French literature, art, politics, medicine, each one with a tale attached, some of them with several. It would be impossible even to begin to quote them. One would never stop. And there is, beside, in this book, a good deal of history, seen though royalist glasses, and much of it from the under side, but none the less important and certainly interesting. The Dreyfus case, the preparation to meet the German attack, Caillaux and "Caillautism," the Camelots du Roi, all the amazing panorama of French politics, seen, as it were, in bits here and there with comments by the wittiest, if the most prejudiced, of men. There is, as our moving-picture people say, "not a dull moment" in the book. If the author is prejudiced it is—barring his royalism, some may say with much truth—prejudiced on the right side. You should read it, discount all that you do not believe in, nor approve; reject, if you like, what you dislike; and thank author and translator and publisher for an extraordinarily enlivening entertainment. For, whatever he does, he is not like that poet whose work he describes "This eminent maker of cut glass carafes, this person who hammered out flat-footed alexandrines, had discovered the secret of freezing solid the Iliad and the Odyssey." Whatever else he does, M. Daudet had filled the carafes with that liqueur of wit which his countrymen decoct so well; he has made his literary alexandrines dance; and he has even humanized that amazing Iliad and Odyssey of French politics until one can almost believe it true.

The Bowling Green

The Broadway Limited

I THINK Mac and I will always have a reminiscent affection for Drawing Room A in the car *Penn Square* in which we journeyed to Chicago. Quite a little home from home, we told the delightful conductor and he agreed. That conductor is a charming fellow. We persuaded a Philadelphia friend of ours, who happened to be in the Pennsylvania Station, to ride the first two hours with us. He was a bit anxious about it, as the gateman insisted the first stop was Harrisburg. But we believed that any train, no matter how important, must stop somewhere in Philly; and sure enough it did. Our friend, we will call him Phil, got as far as the platform, but it seemed such a pity to break up the argument we were then having about Thomas Hardy that we persuaded him to come back on board. The conductor cheerfully agreed that for the necessary consideration Phil might ride to Harrisburg, the next halt. But when we reached that capital, we were just beginning dinner. "What, you here still?" cried the conductor when he saw Phil gaily dabbling in his soup. "Well, it's all business for the Company." So it wasn't till Altoona that Phil finally left us. There is a train-man who works in the Altoona Station who will remember a man leaping from the car as soon as it stopped and asking eagerly, "What's the next train back to Philly?" The Altonian was a little nettled I think, by this apparent disregard for his city's charms; he begged Phil to linger long enough to admire the municipal Christmas Tree which glittered gaily hard by the station. I think it only just to mention these facts because Phil was a bit anxious about the explanations he would have to make when he really did get home. He doubted whether it would be believed that he had been in Altoona; he desiderated corroboration in ink.

* * *

I would enjoy limited trains more if I could sleep in them; and even lying awake is not very profitable as one's mind rolls round so uneasily that it cannot seem to tuck any thoughts about its toes. Yet these trains are a delightful laboratory for studying certain cheerful phases of the American temperament. The printed warning that "Card Sharks and Con Men have started their winter campaign in railroad trains" was gallantly offset by finding reprinted on the menu the New York *Sun's* familiar editorial assuring us that There is a Santa Claus. And there was a pretty little Christmas Tree tinkling and swaying in a niche in the observation car. Which reminds me, I wondered what a foreigner would make of the printed leaflet, distributed to all passengers, saying "A new feature is the Ladies' Lounge and Bath in the Observation Car."

* * *

Phil's argument against Hardy was that there is possibly a certain lack of perspective in Mr. Hardy's sense of humor. "Hardy doesn't see," he said, "that whereas if one child hangs himself it's tragic, but if four of them do, it's comic. He doesn't give an even break. Whenever anyone takes a train he has all the neighbors at the railway station. Now you know that in real life it isn't as bad as that."

And yet I read in the P. R. R. menu of "A New Idea in Announcing Trains." The train announcer at Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, has been authorized to go beyond his honest business of stating arrivals and departures. He has become, as almost every American does sooner or later, a miscellaneous pulpiteer. Now his "endless announcements," as Walt would call them, "include a brief news service, weather reports, and up-to-the-minute comments on topics in which he thinks persons in the concourse might be interested." I wonder if that will include literary notes? At any rate I suspect publishers will take a chance and mail him their press notes.

"The announcer's words can be heard distinctly in all parts of the concourse. Similar sets of megaphones later may be placed in the dining room and waiting rooms. The announcer now does more than merely recite the time table. He 'talks with the public.' When the chance offers he puts a personal or humorous touch in his remarks. A wedding party inspired this greeting: '*To the bride and bridegroom at gate No. 12, about to start on their honeymoon, we extend our hearty congratulations. You are starting right in starting over the Pennsylvania Railroad. May your other journeys through life be made with the same wisdom.*'"

We are just getting into Chicago, so I cannot linger to moralize this. But perhaps Hardy was right?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Not Two Of A Kind

HEPHÆSTUS, OR THE SOUL OF THE MACHINE. By E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1925. $1.

GROWTH OF BIOLOGY. By WILLIAM A. LOCY. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1925.

Reviewed by VERNON KELLOGG

HEPHÆSTUS is another one—about the twentieth, isn't it?—of that admirable To-day and Tomorrow Series which Dutton is issuing so rapidly; a well-edited series of well-written small books—16-mos of about 10,000 words each—almost every one of them worth reading and several of them positively brilliant.

The author of Hephæstus—the Greek name of the hobbling fire-god whom most of us know better, if at all, as Vulcan—is a ready writer, perhaps too ready, indeed. His ink flows freely, his pen has a smooth nib, and his hand a light touch. He lets nothing cramp his style. But after all in an essay intended for quick reading one cannot put in all the qualifications that scientific-minded persons are rather in the habit of appending, for honesty's sake, to generalized statements of fact.

The author of Hephæstus glorifies fire, steam, and the machine. He sees soul in them. But he more highly glorifies the human being, and will not see humanness explained in terms of machine; he is no mechanist-biologist. He traces with really thrilling sweep the growth, now slow, now rapid, of science and its applications.

The age of science, discovery and invention, the age of mechanism and machinery and power has come and come to stay. Man, liberated from mechanical drudgery by the machine—(of course it is also sadly true that some men have been particularly enslaved by it; the author recognizes this, however)—has time to develop his intellectual and artistic powers. His necessities being supplied by pressing a button, he is liberated to enjoy a more varied existence.

* * *

"The Growth of Biology" is very much another kind of book. No writing for writing's sake, here. It is the first of two volumes projected by the author, the late Professor William A. Locy of Northwestern University. But his death found only one completed. It covers the history of "zoölogy from Aristotle to Cuvier, botany from Theophrastus to Hofmeister, physiology from Harvey to Claude Bernard"; in other words the growth of the science of biology from the Greeks to about the middle of the nineteenth century.

Locy's earlier volumes, "Biology and Its Makers" (1908) and "Main Currents of Zoölogy" (1918), revealed his competency as historian of biology. The new book confirms it. It is careful, well-organized, simply written, illustrated by 140 figures, most of them portraits of early workers, others interesting reproductions of pictures in early books, and the kind of book that one not only reads with profit but keeps for later reference.

* * *

A wave of interest in the history of science has spread over Europe and the United States in the last quarter century. Societies, institutes, and periodicals devoted to this history have been set up, courses in the general history of science and in particular sciences are being given in the universities; even a few special professorships have been established. The American Association for the Advancement of Science has (1921) added to its other sections a new one in the history of science.

It is being more and more clearly recognized that a knowledge of the history of biology is helpful to present-day biological workers. Professor Locy's book comes in a most timely way to help meet a positive need. Some other competent man should immediately write the projected second volume, covering the history of biology since 1850.

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Books of Special Interest

A Study In Origins

THE FOUR GOSPELS. By CANON B. H. STREETER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN W. BACON
Yale University

THIS is the most important contribution to Gospel criticism which has appeared in English since the completion of Stanton's three-volume work entitled "The Gospels as Historical Documents." Canon Streeter is one of the foremost of the well known group of Oxford scholars who for many years worked together under the leadership of the late Canon Sanday, issuing a volume of "Oxford Studies in the Synoptic Problem" a dozen years ago. Cambridge, with Swete, Burkitt, and Stanton maintained a noble succession in this field to Lightfoot, Westcott, and Hort. But Oxford proved through the work of Sir J. C. Hawkins, Sanday, and now Streeter, Bartlet, and the lamented Emmet as a younger group, that the ancient and noble rivalry of the great English universities is still maintained.

Since Harnack astonished the critical world twenty years ago by his attempt to carry back the origins of the Synoptic writings a generation earlier than ancient tradition and modern scholarship had agreed to place them, Continental scholarship, in most recent years German scholarship in particular, has been occupied with this problem; for it is vital to our understanding of Christian origins. A recent work by Bultmann with others by Carl E. Schmidt and M. Dibelius shows the direction of their interest. It is the study of redactional methods, to make out from internal evidences what was the process by which the primitive anecdotes concerning Jesus's work and teaching were ultimately reduced to the form of a connected story of the birth and ministry.

Streeter's work, valuable and scholarly as it is, shows that the inveterate habit of English scholarship has not been outgrown. German work is practically ignored. *Formgeschichte*, as the Germans call it, is treated as limited in interest to "German speculation," unworthy the attention of the "common-sense" Englishman. The strong point of Streeter's work is what we should expect, textual criticism. He makes large use of the new Koridethi manuscript to place alongside the generally recognized main branches of pre-Syrian text a new family, the *fam.* O, whose readings compare in value with either the "Western" or Alexandrian type, though not represented in its pure form by any existing manuscript or version. Professors Lake and Blake at Harvard have done most to establish the value of this type of text, to which the designation "Syrian" might properly be applied, reserving the name "Byzantine" for the later mixed text now spoken of as "Syrian."

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But Streeter has made contributions of no small moment in the field of the higher criticism also. The most widely accepted theory of Gospel origins today is the so-called "two-document" theory. In various modifications this view is almost universal among critics, but its two basic propositions are unequal in the degree of solidity to which they can lay claim. The first and most generally accepted proposition is the Priority of Mark. For the conviction that our own Gospel of Mark has served as the foundation narrative for both its companion Gospels of Matthew and Luke is well-nigh an axiom in all modern study of Gospel origins, and has been designated by several recent writers "the one sure result of a century of Gospel criticism." Such difference of opinion as still remains chiefly concerns the question of an Ur-Mark, that is, the use by at least one of the later Synoptists of an earlier form of Mark than our own. On this question Streeter's mastery of textual criticism serves him well. He rightly dismisses the theory, though adopting what the present writer considers a wrong explanation of the non-appearance of Mk. 6:45-8:26 in Luke. The omission cannot be due to accident. No more can the disappearance of the original ending of Mark be thus "explained." Streeter also shows that the minute textual coincidences of Matthew and Luke where both diverge from Mark require at most the supposition of a slight modification of our own text of Mark from the text current in the first century. Even here the advocates of an Ur-Mark theory have no ground for their assumption. The Gospel as known to our first and third evangelists was not materially different from ours. This conclusion has of course no bearing on the still earlier history of Mark. It may have gone through any number of forms before that in which it was transcribed by Matthew and Luke. The fact that its original ending was unknown to both later evangelists is strong evidence of at least one Ur-Mark which had already disappeared. But the Ur-Mark theory properly so-called concerns only that *known to Matthew and Luke*. Streeter has done good service in putting an additional nail in the coffin of this unlaid ghost.

The second proposition of the Two-document Theory is the doctrine of the so-called Second or Teaching Source. The Gospel material on which it rests is that called "Double-tradition" material, commonly designated by the letter Q. Long-sections of Matthew and Luke are word for word the same, though not found in Mark. Obviously these two evangelists have either borrowed from one another, or from some non-Markan common source. The great majority of Gospel critics today adopt this latter alternative. But the many attempts to reconstruct the Second Source encounter difficulties. Some even go the length with Harnack of denying that it was a "gospel" at all in the proper sense of the word. They consider it to have been a mere loose compilation of the Sayings of Jesus. Others hold that Matthew and Luke were not altogether independent. W. C. Allen regards some of the most important sections of the Q material, in which the language is identical, as due to direct borrowing on the part of one of these evangelists from the other. H. J. Holtzmann took the opposite course. Following Simons he ascribed certain minute resemblances of language to "unconscious reminiscences." Luke had heard the Gospel of Matthew publicly read long before he undertook his task, and unconsciously retained in memory some of its phraseology.

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Obviously the first step for any sure result of documentary criticism is to decide whether Luke and Matthew really are independent. Until this question is settled we have no adequate ground for maintaining the existence of a Second Source at all. Here again Streeter has rendered yeoman service. Wernle long ago showed that Matthew and Luke in the hundreds of variations which they make from the wording of Mark scarcely ever coincide. Streeter now completes the evidence. Both later evangelists make alterations in Mark's order, usually for reasons easy to understand. Among these there is no single instance in which one evangelist is supported by the other. All the coincident variations fall within the limit of what can reasonably be explained as *mere* coincidence, as e.g. grammatical corrections. There remains nothing which *compels* us to assume that either was directly influenced by the example of the other. Again we say, it is a contribution of no small value that Streeter has laid this ancient ghost, let it be hoped once for all. Matthew and Luke are mutually independent compilations, which complete Mark by the addition of material from at least one important unknown source. But each affects the combination in a different way and with widely different motives.

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The special views of Streeter should be studied in the book itself. His theory of an L source for Luke in which the Q material had previously been embodied will carry greater weight with critics than his corresponding theory of an M source for Matthew. The data on which these views are based are still bones of contention among the critics. It would be well to hear from the new *formgeschichtliche Schule* of German critics before taking a positive stand on the question. It is gratifying to see that in this instance at least English "common-sense" has not been carried away by the latest vagary of German criticism in the mattter of dating. Perhaps the most erratic freak of the great Tübingen School was to fly in the face of all ancient testimony by antedating the Revelation of John a full generation. Harnack rightly made the date "in the end of the reign of Domitian" for Revelation the fixed point for his entire chronology of the New Testament writings. Tübingen was routed from this stronghold of ancient testimony. Scarcely less positive and unanimous was the testimony of the same early witnesses to the origin of the Synoptic writings "after the death of Peter and Paul." And yet the same Harnack who led the reaction against Tübingen under the war-cry "Back to tradition," takes the lead in an equally erratic attempt to set aside this ancient testimony by carrying back the date of Mark well within the lifetime of both Peter and Paul. Streeter is to be congratulated on being less easily swept off his feet by a new theory than some of his fellow-countrymen, captivated (it would seem) by its apparent advantage to apologetic.

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Perhaps the weakest point of the book is its interpretation of the Papias fragments. The old fallacies remain. Hilgenfeld and Zahn's refutation of Schleiermacher on the testimony of "the Elder" is almost as if it had not been. What Papias says of Matthew in his own name is treated exactly as if it were a testimony of "the Elder." Worse still, Papias is accused of depreciating this Gospel (!). The Elder himself is not only with Papias in Asia (a dubious point) but must actually father not only the so-called Johannine Epistles, but the Gospel of John as well (!). Were it only the Revelation, which really does claim to be the work of a "John," not indeed the Apostle, but apparently a native of Palestine. Were it only the Revelation, which has not only affinity, but very close affinity with the actual "traditions of John" cited in the Papias fragments by both Eusebius and Irenaeus, and displays the chiliasm for which Papias was famous and which forms the most marked characteristic of the quoted "traditions of the Elders." But no. The Elder must be placed at the opposite extreme. He must be the leader of those who overcame the chiliastic eschatology by the more mystical and subtle doctrine of the Johannine Epistles and Gospel! Here is a transformation indeed. But then, The Elder John was an "elder." And the anonymous author of the two minor Epistles was also an "elder;" *ergo* the same man!

The authorship of the Fourth Gospel having thus been fathered on "the Elder John" and the clause which even Lightfoot acknowledged to involve "a chronological difficulty," and which is not found at all in the Syriac version, being accepted as entirely correct, this John together with his fellow-elder "Aristion" becomes "a disciple of the Lord." This being so his Gospel cannot well be dated later than 95. It uses Mark and Luke (another important contribution of Streeter's to earlier observations). Therefore the lower limits are fixed for these two Gospels also. All this we regard as ill founded. Nevertheless every scholar will find the book indispensable, and even the "intelligent layman" (better known we fear on the other side than here) will study with patience the difficult chapters on textual criticism in order to read with interest and profit the greatly rewarding chapters which follow on remoter Gospel origins.

About Reputations

BOILEAU AND THE FRENCH CLASSICAL CRITICS IN ENGLAND (1660-1830). By A. F. B. CLARK. Paris: Librairie Ancienne Edouard Champion. 1925.

Reviewed by GORDON KING

THIS volume is one of a series of books recently published in France as the Bibliothèque de la Revue de Littérature Comparée. In it Mr. Clark addresses himself to an unpleasant problem. While one cannot pick up Dryden or Pope without being struck by the fact that they wrote superlatively well, it is rarely easy to remember more than the titles of their works. What does it matter if their minds were dominated by Boileau? They have so long ceased to be regarded with veneration that we are not particularly shocked at their cribbing. For to-day the so-called Augustan Age furnishes inspiration for very few. We have come to judge it as essentially pseudo-classic. Much as we admire Boswell, it is hard for us to believe that Dr. Johnson ever exerted the influence that he did.

But Mr. Clark has pursued his thesis with such relentless diligence and skill that our admiration for his forceful scholarship in proving his case quite blinds our eyes to the unattractive character of his subject. The work is divided into four books. The first deals with the history of Boileau's reputation in England, which Mr. Clark carries far beyond the day when Boileau's British adherents occupied a position of any real preëminence in our literary history. The second book is an admirable compilation of translations and imitations, and the third gives a wholly original study of the influence in England of the minor French critics of the same period. In the fourth book Mr. Clark devotes himself to an analysis of the actual influence of Boileau in England. Here, as in the first book, the decline of his influence is perhaps unduly prolonged.

Renan said that "if it is to produce the best that is in it, the Gallic race has to be from time to time impregnated by the Germanic: the finest manifestations of human nature have sprung from this mutual intercourse, which is, to my mind, the source of modern civilization, the cause of its superiority, and the best guarantee of its persistence in the future." So, too, the highest reaches of English literature have been attained when the influence of the Latin races was strongest, as it was in Elizabethan England and, again, at the height of the romantic movement. Boileau had the misfortune to fall upon sterile soil. One never feels that his genius is fully fused with that of an English author of the first rank. He was imitated without any profound understanding because he is easy to imitate superficially. He was exploited by so many pickpockets.

Not all of Mr. Clark's book suggests such an extreme view, but beneath his title page he quotes a passage that expresses a true, though fairly trite idea. "The historian of literature," says Mr. Lytton Strachey, "is little more than an historian of exploded reputations."

From the point of view of the student of comparative literature this is but a half truth; he is also a student of great men whom historians have dealt with unjustly.

A Canadian Tale

HARE AND TORTOISE. By PIERRE COALFLEET. New York: Duffield & Co. 1925. $2.00.

Reviewed by ANNIE MARION MACLEAN

IN HIS new novel as in his earlier one, "Solo," Mr. Coalfleet depicts the Canadian scene. Otherwise the books show a talented divergence of treatment indicative of genius. "Hare and Tortoise" is the story of Louise Bruneau, daughter of Alberta plains. Her husband, Keble Eveley, son of an English Lord, engaged in developing a great estate where the mountains rise magnificently, loved her because she was like wild flowers, sparkling streams, the sky at sunrise, and other beautiful realities completely captivating to the conventionally bred Englishman. Even a visit to his ancestral domain could not blot her image from his heart. He needed her. He cabled. He got her. In her high-spirited acceptance of his proposal was the key-note to her character. The honor was not all on one side.

A few months after marriage, Louise developed an inferiority complex because she could not enjoyably follow her husband's meanderings in literature. Walter Pater could not tell her anything she needed to know. This was tragedy. Her way out constitutes the story. Their backgrounds and consequent interpretations of life were different. Through them two civilizations are in conflict. It is not so much a question of values as of differences. Louise is the democratic spirit of the New World in revolt against the unconscious snobbery of the old. This situation is beyond the comprehension of Keble and is the crux of the book. The action is cleverly managed by the author who develops his story by the introduction of two sophisticated young people into the Eveley home, an architect from Montreal for the mansion to rise in the foothills overlooking the valley, and an unexplained (to Keble) tutor-companion-friend from Washington for Louise. There is thus formed a square instead of the eternal triangle. Visiting nobility and politics play their part. Eventually the marriage pact proves strong enough to hold. The tortoise catches up. The indications are that he will have to keep on catching up.

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Turning for a moment to "Solo," we find Paul Minas, searcher after spiritual goods, frustrated at every turn. Life was unyielding. Unlike him Louise made the discovery that life yielded to her what she herself put in. She could never be crushed by circumstance. Louise is a symbol of spiritual aspiration, always groping, sometimes finding, never satisfied, an unforgetable character in a veritable paradise.

While Mr. Coalfleet can create situations and tell a story with apparently effortless charm, his real power lies in probing for the essence of life to be found in the spirit and the mind of man. He will go far in his quest.

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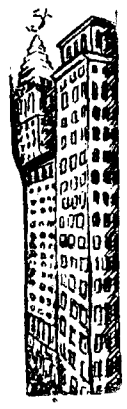

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Books of Special Interest

A Great Teacher

EDUCATIONAL FRONTIERS. By Scott Nearing. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by Angelo Patri

PROFESSOR Nearing would have all teachers be as Dr. Paton was. He calls them all to be pioneers in the new social movement, teaching fearlessly, breaking new paths for the minds of men, opening new fields for aspiring minds, righting old wrongs, advancing a new order. He would have each teacher a prophet with honor among his own people.

Amen. But with whom lies wisdom? With whom shall lie the truth of this new order? Teacher leadership presupposes a common ideal and a common purpose or it promises chaos. Teacher leadership that is to function presupposes a centralized authority from whom all educational wisdom flows. Where then the freedom of mind or body or soul?

I, too, would free youth of the domination of forms, from any domination save that of youth's own disciplined spirit. I would not, once seeking to liberate it, shackle it afresh with my own creed of party or church or school. Freedom means freedom from imposition—even the imposition of one's own righteousness. Surely it cannot be found in the imposition of one set of forms rather than another. Any new social order led by the teaching force of the nation would have to be prescribed. By whom?

The schools and the teachers must be free from any sort of dogma if the people are to know any form of spiritual liberty worth the name. We who teach must plead for the open, ever reaching mind. Any sort of course administered in the spirit of search, in the attitude of inquiry, in the service of truth will accomplish the purpose. I fear propaganda as the foe of all true culture, of real spiritual growth. That quality of education is found only in the classrooms of the unbiased, unselfish teacher whose attitude is that of the patient scientist who presents his case and lets it rest until the next stride carries it forward. Schoolmasters of this sort are rare. They lead toward the educational frontiers and die on the firing lines without urging save of their own spirits. And rightly so.

Professor Nearing's book, "Educational Frontiers," presents two distinct motives, first the story of a great teacher leader, then a plea for a new social order, a call to the teachers of the world to lead in the creation of this new order.

Of the story of the great teacher-leader, Dr. Paton of Pennsylvania University, there can be but one opinion; on the matter of teacher-leadership in social form, there must be as many as there are readers of the book. The reader who is a highly intellectualized socialist will cheer for it, the one who has a different cure for this sick world will think differently about it. The main point is, he will think. Professor Nearing is a teacher who knows the secrets of his craft. His reader may lay down the book in irritation or delight but he will find his brain cells stirred, considerably stirred, which is what a teacher aims for always.

The story of a great teacher is always fascinating. Told, as is this one, in a spirit of sincerity and devotion, it becomes a thrilling story. To be sure it ends on the note of tragedy. Tragedy is the form life takes for all great teachers from a Moses viewing a promised land he may not enter to a Wilson visioning a world harmony he can never bring to pass. Always the great teachers have tasted the bitterness of futility and death, yet I doubt that one of them laid down his work despairing of its final triumph. They were too finely attuned to the things of the spirit not to know, not to understand, that when they shed the garment of mortality it was to put on the robes of Immortality, that their work would live on to its fulfilment. One feels that Dr. Paton knew and smiled as he handed on his torch in full flame and passed over. One is grateful for the knowledge that such a teacher lived and worked with the youth of the land.

America The Beautiful

PICTURESQUE AMERICA, ITS PARKS AND PLAYGROUNDS. Compiled by J. F. Kane; N. Y. Resorts and Playgrounds of America.

Reviewed by Walter Prichard Eaton

I FEAR the editor sent this volume to me at the wrong time to secure a wholly dispassionate review. It arrived while I was sojourning in Pittsburg, and then intensified a week's imprisonment in Detroit. Pittsburg, to be sure, is not without a certain macabre picturesqueness of its own: but Detroit—! Spend a chill December week under its bituminous blanket, inhaling the dust of its filthy streets, and then see if you can look at a lovely photograph of Mt. Rainier, or the Phantom Ship in Crater Lake, or old Katahdin from Daicy Pond, or Heaven's Peak across the gulf from Granite Châlets in Glacier Park, or the little hotel at the head of Lake Chelan, where the waitresses come in and dance with you after supper, or the start of Bright Angel Trail, or above all the Alpine challenge of Mt. Robson's rearing precipices, without a mighty desire to take the ferry over to Canada and seek what immediate oblivion can there be procured. So just at present I am disposed to overlook all Mr. Kane's sins of omission (which of course will be different sins for each reader), and even to be lenient toward his choice of texts to accompany his last array of charming photographs.

That's what Detroit does to you. Think of being lenient toward a man who employs Zane Grey to interpret the Grand Cañon!

The real trouble with this book, however, is not that it neglects any of the National Parks, nor perhaps many of the other most striking beauty spots in North America, and not even that its text is compiled in large measure from quite uninspired and often distinctly second rate material; but rather that it supplies so little real information to a reader filled by the lure of the pictures with a desire to go and see for himself. You are advised, for example, to take a motor boat trip around Crater Lake, which is excellent advice; but you are not told that to get to the boat you have to descend eleven-hundred feet on a 60% slope, and incidentally ascend it again. You are told that the ascent of Rainier is only for the young and for experienced climbers, which is by no means true. No particular experience is needed, unless you try to go it alone. Since it is inconceivable that anybody up to fifty, at least, with sound legs and heart, who goes to Rainier can escape an urge to tackle the peak, why not state briefly the equipment required, the time needed for the ascent, and the cost? Again, to see the real beauties of a Park like Glacier calls either for a pack train or hiking equipment. Why not say so? Why not give visitors some idea of the cost? We have, in all conscience, enough mere motor trippers into our Parks now; they are a veritable nuisance. If this book is designed to do no more than add to the army of motor campers infesting the roads and adding nothing but litter and a sense of hurry and noise to our wilderness reservations, then I for one am sorry that it has been published. Allen H. Bent, who writes of New England, is a skilled traveller in the out-of-doors, and he gives the right sort of information, though more is needed. The articles about the Canadian Rockies, also being quoted from Canadians, are free from blaa and contain matter that you want to know regarding the difficulty of climbs, the severity of trails, and so on. But unfortunately most of the text of this book is of no literary value whatever, and of small guide book value, either. Much of it, in fact, is in verse, and quite incredible verse.

However, the pictures remain, scores upon scores of them, gathering into one volume a truly stupendous record of Nature's lavish gifts of beauty to this Continent. To one who has stood in many of the very spots where the photographers stood, these pictures bring on an overpowering wave of nostalgia. I want to scale once more the lava pinnacles of the Phantom Ship and collect new specimens of the pentstemon and stone crop which cling in the crannies, looking down upon the bluest water in all the world. I want to camp once more in the shadow of the Great Divide and sleep to the far thunder of leaping waterfalls. And if I had never done so, I'm sure these pictures would make me wish to.

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A Letter from Czechoslovakia

By Arne Novak

IT WAS some years before Karel Capek, the author of "R. U. R." and of the "Insect Comedy" became world-famous, and before his dramas were performed on the stages of Paris, London, New York, Tokio, and Sidney, that he said in the company of several men of letters in Prague in his jolly and witty way that reminds you of Chesterton, the following words:— "We shall have to open a club of Capeks." The rest of us who were present jointly tried to recall all the famous bearers of that name, which, by the way, hasn't originated from "capka," the cap, but designates a man of slim feet and story-like step. We remembered Capek of Sány, the great Husite warrior of the fifteenth century who went with the Husite army as far as the Baltic Sea, two classical philologists, a musical writer, a political journalist, then a naturalistic novelist, K. M. Capek-Chod, and finally Karel Capek himself with the two other literary members of his family, his brother Joseph and his sister Helena. It is quite true that he who wishes to be well informed about the present Czech literature must be capable of distinguishing clearly between these excellent Capeks, and specially between the aged but still productive novelist, K. M. Capek-Chod, and the young dramatist, Karel Capek, whose fame has spread already beyond the borders of Europe.

K. M. Capek-Chod (his epithet Chod is derived from the name of his native highland tribe The Chods, who live in south-west Bohemia and on account of their physical hardiness, brave fighting spirit, and ready wit could be well compared with the Scots) is to-day a man of sixty-five years of age, and full thirty-three years have elapsed already since the publication of his first book of stories. At that time he was classed as one of our young naturalistic school which was inspired by Zola and other French masters, but no one ascribed to him any special significance: he was not even taken so seriously as his contemporaries, like Simácek, Slejhar, and Hladík, some of whom are nearly forgotten already. K. M. Capek-Chod was for a number of years occupied with hard journalistic labor, writing witty critical articles about fine arts and displaying in his polemics clever and biting sarcasm, and it wasn't always real "noble art" which he employed in his argument and which increased the number of his enemies. He waited for his real success full twenty years, and at the age at which other writers in Bohemia usually become pensioners and members of the Academy, he developed such mighty, creative power, that he at once left all his contemporaries far behind him. Three voluminous novels founded his rather late but undisputed fame, three novels of the Prague life of which he is a more competent interpreter than anyone before or beside him. In "Antonin Vondreje" he pictured the bohemian types of the literary and journalistic world of Prague, in "The Turbine" the upset of the trading middle-classes by modern industrial conditions, in "Jindrove," which is the most important Czech novel written within the frame of the great war, he drew the tragedy of a father and a son, using for background the life of Prague scientists, but interweaving it with plenty of *motifs* from the lowest spheres of the proletariat.

Czech critical literature generally asserts that Capek-Chod is a naturalist. It is true in so far as the boldness he displays in his tales and ideas does not lag behind his knowledge, that he studies the dark corners and diseases of human society with the thoroughness of a natural scientist, that he attacks the questions and crises of sexual life with a daring and sagacity that would demand the respect of even Sigmund Freud. But he shows many a quality which does not belong to the usual equipment of naturalistic novelists:—an extremely inventive imagination, a wonderful talent for combination, a sense for the grotesque, and wild humor bordering sometimes on Rabelaisian licentiousness. At the same time—and this is one of the many paradoxes of his complicated artistic consciousness—he remains a pessimist, whose world is ruled by a crafty and cruel fate wherein the human beings are nearly choking with dark carnality. Only sometimes his figures get rid of the fatalistic fetters and rise to God, but only soon again to be dragged down into the mud, while the face of God disappears behind the thick clouds of frowning determinism. The last novel of Capek-Chod is "Vilém Rozkoc" which by means of some of its figures forms a link with the great aforementioned works: it is the story of a young, impertinent sculptor from a suburb, who embodying a healthy and strong proletarianism with a thick blood and a spark of geniality after many crooked steps and errors finally succeeds in triumphing over the disappearing representatives of the city middle-class. Beside this voluminous novel K. M. Capek-Chod recently wrote a short story called after the famous Dvorák's composition, "The Humoresque."

Karel Capek, the dramatist, novelist, philosopher, and journalist is full thirty years younger than K. M. Capek-Chod: he was born in the year 1890, also in the mountains at the foot of Krkonose, Riesengebirge, in north-east Bohemia. He is the son of a physician, who not only gave him a very careful education, but also encouraged in him his evident interest in natural science. Hs first work which consisted of humorous *feuilletons*, short prosa experiments, dramatic trifles, he wrote with his elder brother Joseph who is a painter both by disposition and profession. The firm "Capek Bros," which we find also in the "Insect Comedy," had already created a considerable sensation before the war.

The utopian drama "R. U. R." depicting the rebellion of the mechanical "robots," and the birth of love among the ruins of the old world, and the satirical review of the human comedy, "The Insect Comedy," with its vivisections of love, matrimony, private ownership, socialistic state, and of the great war are not the only dramatic works of Karel Capek: they were preceded by a comedy of young love and adventurousness called "The Robber," and were followed by a phantastic play with detective-like *motifs*, "The Macropulos Secret," which rather reminds one of the mystery drama of Bernard Shaw, "Back to Methuselah." Of late, however, Capek, the dramatist, has become silent. He is busy writing utopian novels, the first of which, "The Factory for Production of the Absolute," inspired by phantastic problems of modern physics, has a light, humoristic character, and its satire is often meant for local application: the new prose-work of Capek, "The Krakatit," reached a much higher level. Krakatit is the name for a new explosive of an incredible power and again the author is occupied with the tragedy of a technical invention.

Karel Capek remains true to the old tradition of the Czech writers in that he is beside literary work occupied also with journalism: his brilliant "Letters from Italy" and "Letters from England," known to-day even in America, were written for *Lidové Noviny*, a daily in Brno which includes the author on its editorial staff. This summer the said daily has been publishing something that could be called "letters from Bohemia," a number of short descriptive pictures of Czech cities, castles, and ponds, full of intimate charm and sparkling wit. The most attractive of these short sketches is his recollection of the visit paid in a quiet Moravian country-town to the great Czech mystical poet Otokar Brenzina, whose hour of recognition is yet to come. But there is still another branch of Capek's journalistic activity that deserves mention: keen humorous studies of primitive types of literature, which we now-a-days meet with in what one could call atavistic forms. To those of Capek's works that have been this year published anew belongs also a brief philosophical essay entitled "Pragmatism or the Philosophy of Practical Life." This treatise which appeared in print first eight years ago is not only a clear and solid analysis of men like Charles Sanders Pierce, William James, and F. C. S. Schiller—for the most part, as you see, Anglo-Saxons—but also an autobiographical fragment by Karel Capek.

His brother and former fellow-worker, Joseph Capek, has as a writer a much smaller spiritual expansion. He tried his luck at dramatic work unassisted, and he failed altogether. He is fond of writing lyrical prose of a philosophical purport saturated with hopeless sadness. His last little volume bears the name "For the Delphin." But his most important work is contained in his essays on plastic art as applied to every-day life, and especially on primitive folk-art: they are collected in two volumes:—"The Humblest of Arts" and "Little about Much." Here the poet and painter finds so many new and interesting things that the reader carries away both information and delight.

Helena Capková, sister of these brothers, at first took the public by surprise with her charming little book of child life, entitled "The Little Girl"; she disappointed her admirers this year altogether, however, by publishing a sentimental family novel, "About the Living Love."

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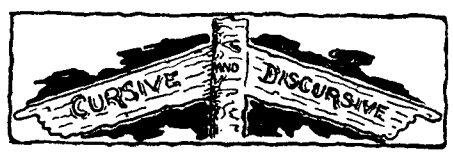

On A Controversy

WE have followed humbly two recent literary controversies in the *Bookman* and the daily press. One has been between H. L. Mencken and Hugh Walpole in regard to whether or no the contemporary English novel was a washout and the contemporary American novel vastly superior. The other is the now historic Heywood Broun-John Farrar controversy about Zane Grey and other best sellers.

The Mencken-Walpole debate seems to us prejudiced on both sides, but both burly gentlemen have exhibited gusto in taking [illegible] at the opponent's point of [illegible]tionally we side with Menc[illegible]nglish attitude toward Ameri[illegible] annoys us in somewhat the [illegible]ay that it annoys him. We like to see him indulging himself in obliterating over-statement just because it makes him so sore. But both Mencken and Walpole, over a couple of schooners and a pretzel, could spend an affable if vociferous evening together. They will never convince each other on the subject, say, of Katherine Mansfield. Walpole thinks her work is great and Mencken thinks it is rotten. And there you are. But that is a difference in personal predilection for this or that type of literature.

The Broun-Farrar controversy, on the other hand, has not been so good natured, and involves a deeper issue. We know both boys, though they are not both members of the same club. We like them both. But we see why they were bound to irritate each other. There has been more acrimony in this controversy because both Heywood and John really take life more seriously than do either Mencken or Walpole. Both have a perfectly well articulated system of ethics, and each is full of conscience. Their points of view are, in the matter under discussion, diametrically opposed. They *couldn't* meet and spend a vociferous but affable evening together over a couple of schooners and a pretzel. They simply couldn't. After John said his say in the *Independent*, answering Heywood, Heywood retorted more affably than before in the *World*, although he pitched into John's second position just as hard as he pitched into his first. He even got to the point of saying, "Don't let them kid you, John!" But in this controversy more than a difference in taste has been involved. Heywood thinks John has been upholding a point of view that seems to him (Heywood) just downright wrong, morally wrong. John thinks Heywood is just as morally wrong. Both are sincere. That is the great divide.

John has been defending the popular book on the ground that it is something approaching an educational influence for those who cannot be introduced immediately to the splendors of, say, Meredith or Hardy. Many publishers and many librarians have the same point of view. "But if people aren't allowed to read this kind of thing they wouldn't read at all, and surely it is better that they read—." On which statement Heywood comes down flatfooted, saying, "I think that is a very silly belief. . . Nobody acquires merit by the mere act of reading."

Nobody Acquires Merit by the Mere Act of Reading. If that sentence were inwardly conned and properly digested, yes and printed on large placards and stuck up in the most conspicuous places in all our public libraries and publishing houses and editorial offices and authors' sanctums it might do a lot of good. And it might not. But it has a great many implications. It is a valuable thing to have said publicly. It strikes at the root of a modern superstition that is vitally affecting literature today.

What John said in the *Independent* about the value of Zane Grey and kindred popular authors is not a new expression. It is the regulation defense of books that are trash and at the same time distinctly popular. This is a defense believed in.

We ourselves were brought up by a stern parent who knew trash for trash and couldn't tolerate it. He had no illusions that the reading of trash would ever beget in the reader a gradual liking for "better things." His educational influence was that he told us flatly we were reading trash (and we read a lot of it in our early days) and had better try to begin to exhibit ordinary intelligence just as soon as we could get around to it.

We often disagreed with him at the time. But he stung our pride. He prodded our sloth. After finally approaching a few of the books he recommended, we began gradually to see why trash so aroused his impatience.

Trash should arouse the impatience of anyone who sets up to be author, editor, or publisher. If it aroused more impatience there would be less trash. The general reading public is not nearly so unintelligent as the books they make popular successes would seem to indicate. But it is almost incurably slothful. It would be bunk to say that by publishing a certain poor grade of fiction the editors and publishers are gently trying to lead it up by the hand to higher levels. Editors and publishers bring out, (along with really good books) that particular brand of writing because they know that the slothful public finds such stories the easiest to read. It buys them and pays for them. These stories are right along the reading public's line-of-least-resistance. We know, in our own case, that they are along our own line-of-least-resistance. We frequently read them because, at the time, our fibre has gone flabby. We know how easy it is, and we don't wonder at the popularity of such fiction. The fibre of the reading public is, in general, extremely flabby. It isn't that, if its members cared to exert themselves, they couldn't understand, or even enjoy, better work.

The editors and publishers view the situation as a purely business proposition. Well, try to run a magazine or a publishing house as a great educational influence, publishing only the very best, and see how your ledgers stand at the end of a year! Magazine owners and publishers naturally want their businesses to be profitable. Hence they are simply obliged to do a certain amount of pandering to the public vice for reading trash. They do. But the sophistry has been evolved that there is a moral justification for this, in that thus people who might never read at all are gradually weaned to the enjoyment of true literature. In our opinion,—*some* sophistry!

Many editors and publishers believe this sophistry, however. It has become a tenet of their creed. We have heard it a thousand times, on all sides. It probably comes from their consciences hurting them because they publish many really good books.

As to the particular case of Zane Grey, we have never been able to read Zane. We had a whirl or two some time since with Curwood and Harold Bell Wright. They furnished us a lot of amusement. We read Eddie Guest every month in the front of *The Red Book*, adjacent to the pictures of the Ziegfeld Follies beauties. His contribution is listed in the contents as one of those conveying "The Spirit of Today." Eddie thus conveys it:

Even opinion is altered by time,
In wisdom's dominion men's thoughts higher climb.
Youth in its glory fills swiftly its page,
Running its story through prime and old age.

But if Karl Harriman tried to tell us that he thought the imbibation of such dish-water would eventually lead to a thirst for Pieria, well, we'd laugh merrily and say, "Yes, that's a good one, Karl, but have you heard this one—?"

Of course Mr. Harriman doesn't think anything of the kind. He publishes a pome a month by Eddie Guest because he knows that Eddie's poetry is vastly popular. It is right along the members of the great reading public's line-of-least-resistance. They buy it. They pay for it. If they stopped to think, they would know it as mere crass platitude expressed with amazing clumsiness. But they don't stop to think, and so far as the shekels are concerned the editors and the publishers are perfectly contented.

So trash will continue being published. We feel some confidence in making this perhaps astonishing announcement. And the only educational influence operative will be the influence of those who continue to brand trash as trash wherever they find it. Gradually, thus perhaps, a certain low grade of writing may be laughed out of existence and a slightly higher grade become popular. That is the best we can hope for. Meanwhile both editors and publishers, and authors, give the reading public a great deal of excellent work, all they can afford to give. They are business men, not philanthropists—the editors and publishers. The authors, of course, frequently write exactly as they darn please, and sometimes blush to find it fame. And they are sometimes, unwillingly, philanthropists, but not from intention. They do what they want to.

So we have said, we believe in the potentiality of the good old general reading public. Only we know how doggone slothful they are. Why shouldn't we? We're one of them, except in the moment's when we labor and use our intelligence. In those moments we have a little more iron in our system. We just get ashamed of being so flabby. We think we know chalk from cheese.

—W. R. B.

Foreign Literature

A Spanish Grandee

MEMORIAS DEL CONDE DE BENALÚA. DUQUE DE SAN PEDRO DE GALATINO. Madrid: Blass. 1925.

Reviewed by HENRY LEACH

SOME day when the Spanish theatre breaks out from its old mould there will surely be written and acted a series of historical plays dealing with the highly colorful events of the times of the fathers and grandfathers of the young Spaniards who now watch the present strange political developments in their country. The modern history of no other land, not even the imaginary Ruritania, is so well endowed with dramatic figure and incident, with the human impulses so plainly visible. These should be tremendous plays. I think this always when wandering through the calles and plazas of towns in Spain, being reminded by their names of great men and affairs, and now on reading this book I cannot proceed with it in the tranquil manner of a student of history, because the splendid characters are all performing great gyrations on my mental stage. The Duke of San Pedro or the Conde de Benalúa, as he is equally styled, is displaying the secret history of a remarkable epoch in Spain, that of the transition from Queen Isabel to King Amadeo, the imported prince from Italy, and thence to Alfonso, father of the existing King. With this history the Duke's family has been immediately concerned, and the Duke himself when very young. Indeed he was so much of a piece with the young Alfonso, who was a cadet at Sandhurst in England when called to Spain to restore the old dynasty, that he as substitute was measured for a suit of Spanish clothes in which an expectant king might properly journey to Madrid on his arrival from Marseilles in the uniform of an English military college.

The outside idea of a Spanish grandee is, perhaps like most outside ideas of Spain, vague and wrong. The notion of a grandee is gathered from comic opera; he is supposed to be very pompous and utterly useless. Now the Conde de Benalúa, or the Duke de San Pedro, the author of this book, is one of the very greatest grandees in all Spain, and at the same time one of the most practical, active, and efficient men in his country, concentrating in advanced years with the energy and initiative of thirty upon the development of the province of Granada, with which he is most intimately connected.

One velvet night in spring, two or three years ago, I sat with him beneath the stars on a terrace in Granada, while he talked of his reasons for his faith in Spain, and that Andalusian part of it in which we sojourned, how he had established the sugar production there, and was now setting about the promotion of the overhanging snow-clad Sierra Nevada as a tourist resort on the Alpine plan, with light railways up the slopes and hotels in places, intentions which have since been realized. The difficulty with dukes when they turn to business is not to be either silly or vulgar; this grandee, with his marvellous capacity, retains dignity enough to mount any throne himself. And these Memoirs, simply written, make the most fascinating history I have read for a long time.

Early an orphan, this grandee when a child fell into the care of his uncle, the Duke de Sexto, who had fourteen titles, was seven times a grandee, and very rich, living in a palace in the Prado where now stands the Bank of Spain. There as a boy the author of the Memoirs listened to the tales of then current history as told in the family, and from the windows of the palace he saw it in the making, as when Amadeo, bidden by the revolutionaries, came to be king in a Spain which gave him the chilliest of receptions. It was winter and Madrid was snow-covered. The houses of nobles who were mainly Alfonsists remained closed and shuttered, and our future grandee, then, in 1871, thirteen years of age, peered through the curtains and witnessed a scene he will never forget, in which a black-bearded figure rode isolated on a sorrel horse cut out against the snow of the Alcalá. But a little while, and before the dawn of a winter's morning, his poor little reign finished, Amadeo stole back again to Italy. Alfonso was then seventeen, and even then remarkable, as he was all his life, for his passive manner and his tranquillizing influence. Being informed by a message he received just before going to the opera in Paris one night, that he had been proclaimed king in Madrid, and asked if there were any answer, he replied, "No, it's all right," and off he went.

Before these times, when the foolish Isabel was queen, the author heard his uncle the Duke de Sexto say many times that if she had returned to Madrid from San Sebastian on one occasion when he went there to plead with her to do so, the revolution would never have taken place. "You are right," she said to him, "I will go back with you but on one condition, and that is that you come with me." But just then a door opened and Marfori appeared. Isabel did not return to Madrid. Marfori, a favorite minister, was said to have been the son of an Italian cook, and had been an actor.

BILDERATLAS ZUR KUNST UND KULTURGESCHICHTE MITTELASIENS. By A. VON LE COQ. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer (Ernst Vohsen). 1925.

Reviewed by P. V. C. BAUR

THE aim of this book is to reproduce in smaller format the most important material published in von Le Coq's monumental works entitled "Chotscho" and "Die Buddhistische Spätantike in Mittelasien, Band I, Die Plastik." The reasonable price of thirty Marks will greatly help to spread the knowledge of art and culture of Central Asia among classes of readers whom the earlier and very expensive volumes did not reach. There are 255 illustrations in the text.

After a short introduction which sums up the author's views on the spread of Buddhism and Hellenized Buddhistic art from India to China and even to Java he discusses the topics of dress and armor as exemplified in the monuments discovered by him in Chinese Turkestan. Then in a section on painting and sculpture he attempts to show how in the Hellenized parts of India, especially in Gandhara, certain Greek prototypes were misunderstood and misinterpreted by the time they reached Central Asia. That the Greek cornucopiæ, for example, in the recourse of time is misunderstood and is represented as a flower is convincingly shown in five illustrations. But when our author tries to trace the Chinese dragon back to the Greek hippocamp and other Hellenistic monsters of the sea we cannot follow him. In an interesting series of reliefs the mask of Gorgon is followed in all its ramifications even as far afield as Java.

Finally in a section on architecture Dr. von Le Coq calls attention to foreign elements in Chinese architecture, especially in the construction of the so-called lantern-roof which in China is entirely misunderstood. In Armenia, however, it persists in its pure form down to the present day.

The importance of the book before us is not so much the author's theories as the vast amount of important material collected and made accessible to the historian, the archæologist, and the art student.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified lists below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE ENO COLLECTION OF NEW YORK CITY VIEWS. By FRANK WEITENKAMPF. N. Y. Public Library Bulletin, Sept. 1925.

Frank Weitenkampf has done a worthy service to N. Y. City print collectors, and others interested in the growth of the city, by the splendid compilation of the Eno collection presented to the N. Y. Public Library, and now on exhibition there. While he has followed closely the chronological plan of arrangement (that of Stokes) or as he says in the short fore-word after the preface "arranged by date of depiction" this method is sometimes a drawback to students of localities or neighborhoods, but this deficiency (if such it may be called) is excellently overcome by an index of exactly twenty-one pages, truly a veritable mine of information regarding the city, its associations, habits, amusements, celebrated personages, etc., etc. The foot-notes appended to the descriptive notices of the prints, are done in a thorough manner, recourse having been had in a number of instances to contemporary directories and other sources of information, in many cases adding new material to that hitherto known. It is to be regretted that no prints are reproduced in color; only three views are in half-tone.

The Eno collection of N. Y. City prints is one of the most important of its kind ever acquired by a public institution, containing the eighteenth century plans of Montresor, Ratzer, Popple, and Faden, as well as many of the lithographs of the 1840's and 1850's. It is interesting to note that the Currier & Ives prints are represented, which, judging from recent auction records are a vindication of Mr. Eno's earlier judgment in acquiring these interesting examples. It is only a few years ago that these lithographs were within the means of the average of "middle-class" collector.

The pamphlet is a notable contribution to N. Y. print literature, and we venture the hope that Mr. Weitenkampf will some day compile a volume containing a list of prints in all notable collections, so that a fairly complete guide may be available to those interested in this most fascinating and alluring game of collecting.

Belles Lettres

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT BIOGRAPHY. By JOSEPH COLLINS. Doran. 1925. $3.

Just what has medical science contributed to the art of literary criticism? The answer ought to be found, if anywhere, in the copious writings of Dr. Joseph Collins, who is certainly a far abler critic than most of those who have placed their medical knowledge at the service of literature. And one answer does indeed fairly leap from the pages, namely, that it has contributed a number of technical terms of somewhat doubtful beauty, such as "gonadal sweep," "amatory dysesthesia," or "confluenting chromosonic streams." Further than this, it is hard to go. Dr. Collins is far too intelligent to fall into the Nordau error of supposing that if a work of art can be traced to a pathological cause it is therefore valueless as a work of art. Nevertheless, considered merely as casual explanations, his diagnoses are frequently unconvincing. "Adult infantilism" somehow does not seem a promising key with which to unlock Henry James. Keats may or may not have had a "mother-complex," but what has that to do with the creation of "Hyperion" or the Odes? If we are prepared to accept Dr. Collins's description of Thoreau as a paranoiac, what are we to make of the further statement, "Men doubted his sincerity and his sanity, but their doubt was founded on their own fatuity?" To do Dr. Collins justice, he himself does not lean at all heavily upon these medical explanations. The title of the book is a fraud. The volume owes its genuine value, not to the fact that its author happens to be a physician, but to the fact that he is a man of astoundingly wide reading, delicate literary appreciation, and deep psychological insight.

No less than fifty-five biographies or autobiographies are taken up in detail by Dr. Collins, covering the lives of men of letters, artists, actresses, clergymen, statesmen, soldiers, and prize-fighters, and he seems equally at home in every field. His criticism of the biography involves in each case a criticism of the subject of the biography, indeed in many instances a brief biography of his own as if to show how the [illegible] ought to be done. Naturally, in such a mass of work there is much inequality. Occasionally he is superficial, as in dealing with Anatole France, more rarely he seems ill-advised, as in treating Steuart's book on Stevenson, but usually he is discriminating and just. The essays on Sherwin Cody's Poe, Edward Bok, Frank Crane, and James J. Corbett may be mentioned among many as particularly illuminating in regard to all the characters considered.

Biography

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. 1833-1847. Transcribed and edited by ROGER WOLCOTT. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $7.50.

That the most delightful of American historians, a master of vivid and picturesque style, should also have been one of the dullest correspondents on record is an interesting fact now amply demonstrated by over six hundred pages of evidence. Owing to his ill-health and partial blindness, it was only by heroic determination that Prescott was able to carry each of his histories to its triumphant conclusion. Thus, although he was quite modest, his interest came to be concentrated upon his own work to an extent unusual even in the egotistic race of authors. Dependent upon others for necessary documents, his assiduity in collecting these was worthy of the highest praise but was not exactly calculated to produce fascinating letters. Similarly, his personal reserve, in contrast, for instance, with Jane Welsh Carlyle's voluble complaints, indicates a finer character but a poorer correspondent.

The fact that the letters of George Bancroft and others represented in the volume are equally uninteresting, would seem to indicate, however, that the causes must have been largely impersonal. Was it that the lack of expansiveness in the American culture of the day, its primness and preciseness, its excessive gentility so froze the genial currents of the blood as to make the writing of really human letters impossible? Yielding to literary tradition, an American of the period might let himself go in print, on the platform, or in the pulpit but in private life his ideal apparently was to remain irreproachably dull.

THE LIVES OF THE RAKES. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. Brentano. 3 vols. 1925. $4 each.

This is a limited *de luxe* edition, three volumes of which are already issued and three more to be published in January.

Volume one, of those before us, is entitled "Old Rowley," dealing, of course, with King Charles the Second. Volume two treats of the Restoration rakes, Buckingham, Rochester, Dorset, Sedley, Etheredge and Wycherley. Volume three is devoted to the unspeakable Francis Charteris and the more amiable Wharton. The succeeding three volumes will discuss the famous (or infamous) Hell-Fire Club, "Old Q" and Barrymore, and the rakes of the Regency.

There is certainly variety in rakes! Mr. Beresford Chancellor, M.A., F.S.A., has explored their times and manners with great zest. In his first volume he reveals to us Whitehall and St. James's as Burnet and Clarendon, Madame Dunois, Evelyn and Pepys have formerly revealed it. The quarter century of the Merry Monarch, and the shifting harem of that quarter-century are presented without gloss. Mr. Chancellor waxes moralistic in his asides at the conclusion.

When we come to the playwrights and wits, there is many a lively anecdote. Buckingham's sense of the ridiculous is given full attention. Sedley's lyrics are parcelled their due. Those notorious in the *vie galante* of the period are all marshalled forth, large and small. And this volume ends rather with a rational *apologia* than with too much "tut-tut!"

Francis Charteris, treated so fully in the third volume, is indubitably one of the most grisly fascinating, though one of the most monstrous, of the whole collection.

Mr. Beresford Chancellor is one of those poplar and highly-coloured biographers of which there is now quite a group in England. For the reader of rather exciting memoirs he performs an adequate task.

I MEET MY CONTEMPORARIES. By *Maximilian Harden*. Holt. $4.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. By *Frederick Wicks. Edited by Christina Wicks*. Dutton. $5.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By *Daniel E. Wheeler*. Macmillan. $1.

THOMAS A. EDISON. By *Francis Robt. Wheeler*. Macmillan. $1.

Drama

THE DUENNA. By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $7.50.

George Sheringham's illustrations in color and monochrome collotype for this most attractive edition of Sheridan's famous play are most attractive. They constitute the designs for costumes and scenery used in the production at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, together with other drawings. The publication of this edition was, indeed, suggested by the recent Playfair-Sheringham production of "The Duenna" at the Lyric Theatre in the West End of London. Nigel Playfair writes an introduction discussing the merits and demerits of this, the least-known of Sheridan's plays. He tells us that the production of "The Duenna" was originally decided upon "owing to the advocacy of Lovat Fraser, who designed the scenery and dresses for the production of 'The Beggar's Opera' at Hammersmith." Fraser once made some designs for "The Duenna," though they have not been made use of. "The Duenna" was first produced in 1775.

Fiction

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. By FRED JACOB. Macmillan. 1925. $2.50.

The reader who prefers fiction composed of theatrical improbabilities may not respond to the quiet charm of this novel picturing life just as it used to be. Mr. Jacob has taken for his scene an Ontario village near Toronto, and for his characters the local gentry of four decades past, well-born English in ancestry, reactionary in politics, narrow and clannish in their attitude toward the world beyond their own small circle. The book opens with a prologue wherein Timothy, the middle-aged narrator, revisits this village of his childhood, the story proper, of an eventful summer and autumn there in his twelfth year, then beginning. Timothy's father, his mother, his uncle, and his step-brother are the chief figures, but numerous others, indispensable to the movement of the main theme, are effectively added. The salient peculiarities of these vanished people, their archaic environment, and crumbling heritage of aristocratic illusions, are revived with an economy and vividness of selection devoid of a single flaw. As a first novel, it is noteworthy, too, for mature simplicity, for restraint, and for the faithful depiction of a bygone Canadian life which novelists have hitherto ignored.

THE SNOW PATROL. By *Harry Sinclair Drago*. Macaulay. $2 net.

THE STROLLING SAINT. By *Rafael Sabatini*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

History

SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM INDIAN HISTORY. Compiled and edited by C. H. PAYNE. Oxford University Press. 1925. $2.

For full nineteen hundred years, from the time of Alexander the Great's invasion of India, the Orient remained to western thought preëminently the land of mystery. For that reason, the accounts of those few travelers who penetrated thither and returned, full of amazement at the splendors they encountered, possessed a fascination which one may easily recall even today. Of the ten authors represented in the present volume, beginning with Plutarch's account of Alexander's expedition and ending with Tavernier's visit to the court of Aurangzeb in 1665, five were travelers to India and the other five based their work on the immediate records of travelers. Aside from the actual information given, some of the accounts are particularly delightful in their misconceptions and unconscious humor. Hindu temples are supposed to be Christian cathedrals, images of Mariamma, goddess of small-pox, to be statues of the Virgin, and pictures of the many-armed Kali and other demons to be representations, somewhat unflattering, one would think, of Catholic saints. Best of all is the story of Vasco da Gama at Calicut, particularly his hasty retreat, when his pursuers "having overtaken Da Gama, who has gotten a great way before his men, unable to walk fast for the heat, asked him by signs why he made such haste, and if he was running away. Da Gama answered that he was running away from the heat." One sympathizes with Da Gama's position but still finds the answer as implausible as did the Hindus.

THE CURSE OF CANAWBA. By *Charles B. Reed*. Chicago: Pascal Covici. $4.

MOVEMENTS IN EUROPEAN HISTORY. By *D. H. Lawrence*. Oxford University Press. $3.50 net.

THE JUNIOR

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Mr. Chave has made a detailed study of a specific group of children of the middle childhood or Junior age—nine, ten, and eleven years. In this manner the observations and reactions of over six hundred and fifty children were obtained and used, subsequently, in this book. The technique is simple and could be used easily with any group. However, the data secured from this one unit may justifiably be generalized upon for the guidance of other groups. The book will be of particular service to workers in religious education.

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International

THE RED TERROR IN RUSSIA. Translated from the Russian of S. P. Melgunov. London: Dent. 1925.

This is a reliable book on the doings of the Che-Ka. It should be read by all those who excuse the Bolsheviks. For one needs to know what it is one is excusing—how great is the bill of other people's suffering that we tolerate in the name of political change. We commend to all those who think Bolshevism an instalment of the Christian Utopia, this documented record of torture and murder.

M. Sergey Melgunov, the author, cannot be accused of partisanship. He was not an upholder of Czaristic policy, but a champion of Russian sectarians, having much sympathy with the Society of Friends and similar religious bodies. His interest in sectarianism brought him into touch wth Tolstoy, of whose works he was at one time preparing a new edition. It is curious that an English conscientious objector can go to Soviet Russia and remain seemingly unaware of the blood on the hands of his hosts. The Russian pacifist Melgunov tells another story. It would be interesting to take together this book on the Russian Terror and Mr. Fox's "People of the Steppes." No one can doubt the authenticity of Melgunov's record. Yet it shows Soviet Russia so bloody and guilty that no one who understands it could touch any Bolshevik's hand. How is it then that our politicians and writers can go to Russia and discover that Lenin was a sort of a Christian, and Trotzky and the rest well-meaning men? It must come from some sort of national freakishness in mind and sentimental incapacity of judgment.

Melgunov's book, published originally in Berlin, is a very well known one in Europe now, obtainable in every capital except Moscow. It is only too terrible reading. The ghastly photographs reproduced give some guidance as to the written matter. Mr. C. J. Hogarth is responsible for the editing of the English edition. It is a book to buy and place in the library of valuable and substantial books on Russia.

THE PUNJAB PEASANT. By *Malcolm L. Darling*. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

INTERNATIONAL ECONOMIC POLICIES. By *William Smith Culbertson*. Appleton. $3.50.

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Juvenile

THE ENCHANTED CHRISTMAS TREE. By PERCIVAL WILDE. Appleton. 1925. $1.

INTERNATIONAL PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By VIRGINIA OLCOTT. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $1.75.

SHORT PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Selected by JAMES PLAISTED WEBBER & HANSON HART WEBSTER. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

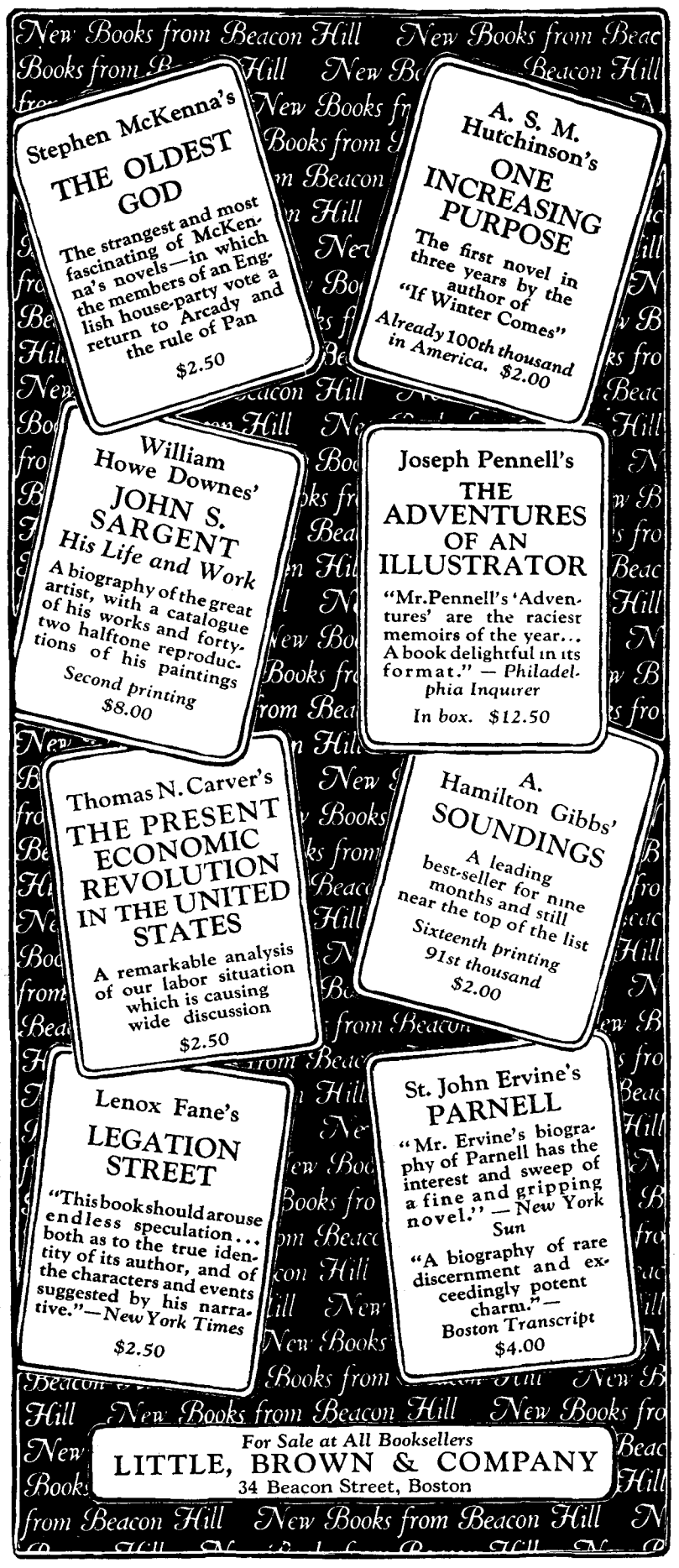
FAIRYLAND AND FOOTLIGHTS. By M. JAGENDORF. Brentano's. 1925. $2.

Actable short plays for young people are becoming increasingly popular these days, where five years or more ago such collections were rare experiments on the parts of venturesome publishers.

With the exception of Percival Wilde's "Enchanted Christmas Tree," published separately and a great favorite since its appearance in *The Pictorial Review* last year, the volumes contain groups of from five to twenty short plays in one or more scenes and all adaptable to the needs of youthful actors and actresses. Of the lot our vote is for the collection by James Plaisted Webber and Hanson Hart Webster because we discovered several old favorites and made the acquaintance of some equally charming new plays. Of the latter "The Princess on the Road," by Kathleen Conyngham Greene, seemed to us especially spirited and just the sort of vigorous fairy tale of action and atmosphere to be acted enchantingly by children. Another delightful contribution by this same author is "The Little Boy Out of the Wood," while "Miss Burney at Court," by Maude Morrison Frank, with its historical and literary background made an excellent contrast. Lady Gregory's beautiful modern Irish Miracle play, "The Travelling Man," would be treasure enough for any collection, and we were particularly impressed by a dramatization of the old Ballad of "The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies," made by the boys of the Perse School of Cambridge, England. It is an uncommonly dramatic, mature piece of work.

"Fairyland and Footlights," by M. Jagendorf, falls a little short of its appealing title, but the little play "Firefly Night" with its company of children, gnomes, firefly fairies, and others should act charmingly in some garden on a Midsummer's Eve, and the book itself is so attractively illustrated and made that it is a pleasure to handle it.

Another collection with an unusual format is Virginia Olcott's "International Plays," where the illustrations are color plates of certain of the characters in costume. The plays themselves read well and should act effectively. In each one the background is of a different country and several retell old legends. All of the eight plays are prefaced by carefully arranged reading lists to acquaint children with the backgrounds of the countries wherein the scenes are laid. There are also helpful descriptions of the costumes required and the necessary properties.


New Books from Beacon Hill
Stephen McKenna's
THE OLDEST GOD
The strangest and most fascinating of McKenna's novels—in which the members of an English house-party vote a return to Arcady and the rule of Pan
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William Howe Downes'
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Miscellaneous

HOW ADVERTISEMENTS ARE BUILT. By GILBERT P. FARRAR. Appleton. 1925. $3.50.

Mr. Farrar is chiefly concerned with the physical appearance of advertising. His particular job is the important one of making layouts, and on this subject he has written and lectured, so naturally when he writes a book about it it is a good book, sound and well considered and exceedingly helpful. This book follows the simple plan of selecting advertisements from the day's work and using them as examples of points made. He lays down a few principles essential to any successful advertisement and shows how these principles are carried out by means of size, white space, design, and typography. This method, while practical and, in fact, almost inevitable, gives this book a somewhat disconnected effect, so that it is more useful as a handbook for consultation than a work for continuous reading.

NEGRO ORATORS AND THEIR ORATIONS. By CARTER G. WOODSON. Washington, D. C.: Associated Publishers. 1925. $5.25.

Instead of a fancy assortment of occasional speeches, the editor of the *Journal of Negro History* has here compiled a carefully documented series of addresses by representative Negroes upon the general theme of the issues and problems of Negro life from the first public discussions of the slavery question in this country in 1788 to the present time. It affords therefore a sort of panoramic picture of Negro life and thought, for the most part in the serious frame and sombre border of the changing but persistent race problem, but for that very reason always a sober interpretation of views and principles, men and public issues. The outstanding impression of the book is its surprising revelation of the active and sustained character of leadership from within the Negro group during periods of which even the average well-informed person has no knowledge of any such activity. Especially is this true of the work of the early Negro abolitionists. The book provides a useful and authentic survey of the changes and development of Negro opinion as reflected by representative spokesmen.

Poetry

MY DITTY BAG. By CHARLES W. BROWN. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

Captain Brown's narrative should go a long way toward correcting the general mistake about shipmasters. He is not a caracature, a "Captain Cuttle," a "Captain Kettle," a character out of Jacobs. In "My Ditty Bag" the retired merchant mariner has set down some very interesting and valuable information. Critical readers may find fault with the story on account of its simple tone, a great recommendation in the mind of this reviewer.

Charles W. Brown is a sailor who kept his eyes open, sailed his ship successfully from a seamanlike and also from a business point of view, and in his comfortable and honorable retirement talks of ships, and seas, and men with keen appreciation and the viewpoint of a gentleman of experience. A book strongly to be recommended.

Science

BIOLOGY. By PATRICK GEDDES and J. ARTHUR THOMSON. Holt. 1925. $1.

BACTERIOLOGY. By CARL H. BROWN-..ING. The same.

Two interesting volumes have been added to the popular Home University Library. Professors Geddes and Thomson's "Biology" is essentially a portrayal in bold strokes of the whole panorama of life sciences as interpreted by two naturalists with uncommonly keen vision and facile pens. It offers food for thought and discussion, even if it does not answer the authors' own question: "Is it then merely that the dance of particles is more intricate in living creatures, that they move to a different tune? Or is there something more?" Professor Browning's "Bacteriology" presents a quite matter of fact and straightforward, albeit highly entertaining, account of one of the most recently developed and important departments of biology, the science of plant "microbes." Indeed, it affords a survey that can be most heartily recommended to anyone with the slightest interest in the "world of the infinitely little" to which we owe so many of our troubles but far more of our blessings. Verily these days he who runs may read—to his profit.

Sociology

THE REVOLT OF MODERN YOUTH. By JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY and WAINWRIGHT EVANS. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $3.

This book contains the record of many cases under Judge Lindsey and what might be called his social philosophy, thrown into shape, or rather lack of shape, by Mr. Wainright Evans. If the reader can forgive the ineptitude with which Mr. Evans has performed his part of the work and can succeed in penetrating to the Judge behind Mr. Evans, he will find the book full of information and stimulating thought. The revolt of modern youth is apparently directed chiefly against sex taboos. Modern youth of both sexes is determined to eat of the forbidden fruit and eat early. Judge Lindsey states and amply proves the fact, but he is not nearly so horrified at it as he is at public indifference to eugenic considerations. His definition of illegitimacy deserves to become classic: "An illegitimate baby is one conceived by parents who are biologically unfit." In his view, the great majority of our present laws on the subject of sex are a hindrance rather than a help to society. In fact, he makes virtually that very statement in regard to all our laws. "A still further improvement on our present out-of-date system of doing justice would be to have an annual drawing of lots by all citizens of this free country to determine who should go to jail and who shouldn't." If these words came from Emma Goldman, they might be discredited, but coming from a judge of twenty-six years experience, they demand attention. Until our laws cease to be the mere codification of social prejudice, this book will have its place.

Travel

ALONG THE ROAD. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Doran. 1925. $7.50.

An Englishman writing in England may relax a bit. He may discuss other things than books. He is under no obligation of courtesy to foreign hosts. Aldous Huxley, in this book of small essays, is at ease. Usually he is good natured, in a discriminating way, but upon occasion he is quite satisfyingly venemous. To be sure, he is not oblivious of American book sales. Mrs. Thingumy, laboriously squeezing herself through the door of her limousine and waddling across the pavement into the jeweller's shop, is not the out-and-out Pittsburgher he would have preferred, but a "pillar of Anglo-American-Florentine society." One is left to guess. In the main, however, this volume of sketches from a tourist's note book is delightfully unfettered and delightfully personal.

The essays deal with a number of things, chiefly things concerned with Italy, Holland, pictures, and travel. A few are very slight. Many are far from slight. All show Huxley as a man suave, restrained, broadly cultured. He writes with superb ease. His style is extraordinarily flexible; now cool and controlled, now colorful as Gautier, reflecting his mood like an expressive face. Now there is sheer beauty. Again there is strength, irony, intellect, humor. There is never tawdriness, never a trace of insincerity, never that absorption with words which must be the constant temptation of a gifted writer. With Huxley the idea, the mood, the thing itself, is of first importance, the words secondary. But what gorgeous words the man knows!

JAPAN IN SILHOUETTE. By TROWBRIDGE HALL. Macmillan. 1925. $2.50.

Felicitous in title, style, and method of treatment is this book on the charms of old Japan. It reminds one of the crescent moon, because what is new, potent, compelling, and slowly but surely creative of the future, is, after all, at this moment, but a small segment on the rim of a luminous disc; while that which is old is soon to be swallowed in the coming full-orbed radiance.

Delightful as are its glimpses and its dissolving viws of what *was* characteristic, even vital to the Japan that is vanishing, the reviewer, an old-timer, who has more or less known Dai Nippon from childhood, must smile at some of the ultra-sentimental translations of the proper and common names; for these, in our author's text, accurate or inaccurate, lean always to the aesthetic. Mr. Hall is not wrong in his felicitous shadows, which even in silhouette show that in the Princess Coun-

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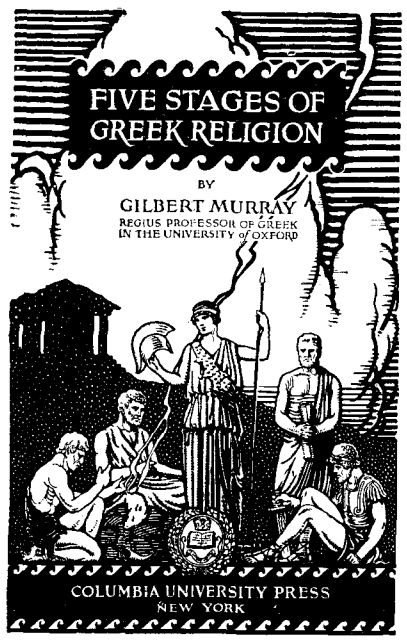

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try the love of art and beauty has penetrated to the lowest classes. Yet, for example, in his census of the géi-sha (accomplished women) one can cut off a cipher from his "half a million" and yet be within bounds of fact. Nor is there a hint of the menace to progressive civilization, those women—selvages of a dying social system—the géi-sha, are; nor of the horrible slavery—commercial and sordid, under which the female part, one half of Japan, still suffers. Yet of the cherry blossoms, theatre, pilgrims, Fujiyama, the cities, literature, Nikko, and all things "for glory and of beauty," for which Japan is justly famous, the author writes in praise and in true proportion.

Incidentally, the Americans and Japanese, who are suspicious of each other's ethics, might both learn a lesson in decency. Our people may see how differently the Japanese look at, or think of, what we allow to be socially acceptable, but which they ban, both in high or low life, or "their movies," as animal and vulgar. This book is a delight to the eye and to the mind.

RIDER'S CALIFORNIA GUIDE. Edited by Frederic Taber Cooper. Macmillan. 1925. $5.

This is a new and comprehensive guide to California on the Baedeker model, far more complete, more thorough, and more discriminating than earlier guides. It is as concise as Baedeker, and enriched with historical comment that is intelligent and well selected. It seems to be accurate, and is excellently up to date. The book, with index and introduction, contains 667 pages, and it is perhaps ungracious to ask for more maps, which would of course increase its bulk. A detail map of the Southern Sierra region, particularly the districts of the Kings, the Kern, and the Kaweah, with the Mount Whitney background is, however, needed, the more so since the Sequoia National Park and the General Grant National Park are more and more points of departure for expeditions into the hinterland. The introduction is useful and the book as a whole most satisfactory.

TOURING THROUGH FRANCE. By Elizabeth Shackleton. Penn. 1925. $4.

Among the recent travel books descriptive of civilized countries we have read none more richly interesting and engagingly written than Mrs. Shackleton's. Starting by motor car from Cherbourg, she journeyed southeastward, slightly inland from the coastline, halting at ports, towns, villages, historic chateaus, and ancient landmarks, into Brittany, from Brest to Tours, south and west to Biarritz, then east by routes near the frontier and Mediterranean as far as Hyères. From the latter she proceeded north, *via* Avignon, Lyons, and Dijon, west and north to Paris, into Normandy, where the final days of her six months' wandering were passed. She had covered in that period a total of 4,000 miles, the record of her voluminous impressions being here related with a wealth of vital and graceful details. A handsomely made book, containing a map as easy to follow as sunlight, adorned with nearly a hundred sepier photographs by the author, it succeeds brilliantly in being that

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by May Lamberton Becker

Suggestions in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. Becker, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

Letters of Thomas Gray. Edited by John Beresford. (Oxford University Press.)

Education and World-Building. By Thomas Davidson. (Harvard University Press.)

More Adam (Putnam.)

I SEE that Doubleday, Page have been holding their space for readers of Mr. Morley who think that Mr. Bacon "done sin wrong" in the front pages of this *Review*. They are about to receive a little more, at the top of this column, filled by a letter written without permission, written on December 8 by my daughter, Beatrice Warde, now in London, to her grandmother in this country:—

"S. M. professes a fine scorn for fiction, but he has Mama's own uncanny powers for spotting good stuff. How he ever got hold of "Thunder on the Left" I don't know, but he presented it to me and I read it with my scalp prickling, and didn't guess the point until the very end, and then turned back and read straight through the book again with the new point of view. What a book! Really it's bright enough to blind you. It's exactly what "Peter Pan" failed to do; it talks to a stratum of consciousness that gets covered over during adolescence, but is there always: the perfectly cold, extra-mundane, ruthless child brain, before glands and social inhibitions get a foothold on it. How the world wants that quality! Sherlock Holmes. Modern science. Dada. Women like long-legged boys. Whiskers and hips a joke. Down with pity and sentiment and all treacheries.

If the most valuable review of a book is one by an expert in its subject, this commendation should be treasured by author and publisher of "Thunder on the Left." For it is a marvellous study of Youth, and this London person is an expert on being young. Not many people are, by the way. I know because I have often enough read in public Elinor Wylie's poem "Beauty," and not one in a hundred really knew what was meant by its last words:

Enshrine her and she dies, who had
The hard heart of a child.

Speaking of poetry, L. H. H., Waterville, Me., who has just finished "The Collected Poems of H. D." (Boni & Liveright) is curious to know who H. D. is.

HILDA DOLITTLE was born in Bethlehem, Pa., and studied at Bryn Mawr, but for twelve years she has been Mrs. Richard Aldington and has lived in England. Though her husband, assistant editor of *The Egoist*, was one of the pioneers of the Imagist movement, it is the poetry of H. D. herself that is generally regarded as the most complete expression of their ideal. The most sympathetic review of her work is naturally in Amy Lowell's "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" (Houghton Mifflin); there is another noteworthy review in Louis Untermeyer's "American Poetry since 1900" (Holt). Now that the storm and stress period of the present renewal of poetry is over, this serene volume remains as its most valuable legacy to literature.

E. R., Dallas, Tex., asks if there is a book that will help a high school teacher to train pupils to appreciate literature.

TRY "An Introduction to the Study of Literature," by Ralph Boas and Edwin Smith (Harcourt, Brace). This has an accompanying pamphlet with suggestions for its use as a text, or as collateral reading in the regular course, or as a review in the senior year after the regular list of reading has been completed, or as a source for exercises. To this I can add that the home students who so often ask me for a book of this sort will do well to try this one; it would be especially useful to those who have read much in foreign languages but are just beginning to branch out in English.

K. H., Germantown, Pa., asks for books about Queen Elizabeth "not so much from a scholarly and historic point of view as from a lighter, more personal one."

YOU might begin with "The Life of Anne Boleyn," by Philip W. Sargeant (Appleton), which is both scholarly and personal: indeed, this was a time when royal persons were scholars. "The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth," by Frederick Chamberlin (Dodd, Mead), has been followed by the same author's collection of "The Sayings of Queen Elizabeth" (Dodd, Mead); the medical features of the first of these, and of the sketch of her father's career in "Mere Mortals," by Dr. MacLaurin, are to be noted. Violet Wilson's "Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour" (Dutton) includes the wayward Dark Lady, if Mary Fitton were indeed she, but the strongest character is that of the monarch herself, her hand in everyone's fate, her finger in everyone's emotional pie. Violet Wilson's "Society Women of Shakespeare's Time" (Dutton) is another recent book that would much interest this reader. "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth" and "The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots," by Martin Hume, recently reprinted by Brentano, go together, and a narrative in contemporary letters of "The Fall of Mary Stuart," by Frank A. Mumby (Houghton, Mifflin), should surely be included. There is, I may add, plenty of scandal scattered through this collection: history is gay reading if you choose your time aright.

M. L. B., Elmhurst, Ill., asks for books dealing with English history of the sixteenth century, not novels.

AS THIS joins on to the preceding list it will have several books that may be used by K. H. For a general base of operations, use the sections that cover this century in the "Cambridge Modern History" (Macmillan)—and in general, use this for a historical base wherever possible. Another authority is the fifth volume, by H. A. L. Fisher, of the "Political History of England" (Longmans, Green), from the death of Henry VII to the accession of Henry VIII, and the sixth volume, by A. F. Pollard, bringing the history to 1603. Then there are the reigns of Henry VIII, Mary Tudor, and Elizabeth, in one volume each by Froude in "Everyman's Library," and of the "Epochs of History" series (Scribner) the "Age of Elizabeth," by Mandell Creighton, with C. E. Moberley's "Early Tudors" and F. Seebohm's "Era of the Protestant Reformation"; with the last named the fine chapters on England in Preserved Smith's "Age of the Reformation" (Holt). For a source book there is, among others, "England under the Early Tudors," by C. H. Williams of London University (Longmans, Green), and there are chapters on the distinctive features of life of the period in "Early Tudor Poetry," by J. M. Berdan, (Macmillan). The first volume of "English Catholics in the Reign of Elizabeth," by J. H. Pollen, S. J. has been published by Longmans, Green: it deals with politics, civil right, and government; Burns and Oates, London, publish the "Life of Blessed John Fisher. . . . martyr under Henry VIII." Madeleine and Ruth Dodds devote two scholarly volumes to "The Pilgrimage of Grace (1536-7) and the Exeter Conspiracy (1538)" (Macmillan), a Cambridge University publication, and Macmillan also publishes "The Growth of British Policy: 1558-1762," by Sir John Seeley, an important work which must be taken into consideration in a study of this century.

T. H. G., New York, asks for advice on additions to be made to a collection of books on musical history, especially those that consider contemporary music, including that of America.

THE Problems of Modern Music," by Adolph Weismann (Dutton), is a translation from the German; it goes back to Bach and on to the new order, tracing its evolution and inquiring as to its future. This author seems to regard Charles Martin Loeffler as the white hope of American music, but he deals also with jazz. There is a new edition of L. C. Elson's "History of American Music" (Macmillan) with four new chapters by Arthur Elson: this has many pictures, it has been a widely used work since 1904; it discusses not only our formal musical compositions and composers, but popular music, folk-song, including songs of the World War, and of course jazz. "A Survey of Contemporary Music," by Cecil Gray (Oxford University Press) considers Delius, Ravel, Sibelius, Busoni, Stravinsky, and many another, in dispassionate analysis: he believes, for instance that Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" ends "that magnificent, absurd, chaotic, quixotic adventure called "The Romantic Movement" and makes a wise comparison with Joyce's "Ulysses," and he speaks as a child of his Time, without toploftiness. There have been several important biographies: Harper publishes Frederick Order's "Liszt," Herbert Beaford's "Schumann" (Frederick Niecks's "Robert Schumann" is published by Dutton) and William Wallace's "Wagner": Dutton publishes a new "Beethoven," by Paul Bekker, and "Arnold Schönberg," by Egon Wellesz. The "Dictionary of Modern Music and Musicians," edited by Dr. Eaglefield Hull (Dutton), is excellent for general reference purposes, and I must speak for the inclusion of a deliciously printed and bound little volume of musical essays, "The Margin of Music," by Edwin Evans, if only because among many good ideas it has had the excellent idea of speaking up for the heavenly habit of two-piano playing, giving a suggestive list of material for its exercise, and reminding us that while nothing can be more warlike than two performers at one keyboard, the same two at two pianos perform in a perfect peace.

On The Air

The following articles were broadcast from Station WOR during the months of December and January under the auspices of *the Saturday Review of Literature*.

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED ABOUT MANAGEMENT IN THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. Henry Ford in *System*.

In collaboration with Samuel Crowther, Henry Ford produces an article brimful of practical suggestions for efficient management. His general theories illustrate why he is so important a contributor to present day business.

A GLANCE AT THE FATHERS. Harry Elmer Barnes in *American Mercury*.

The author argues that economic conditions were largely responsible for the ratification of the constitution of the United States of America. Quotations from Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, Gitlow, Locke, Madison illustrate the author's arguments.

FROM MAIN STREET TO WALL STREET. William Z. Ripley in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Although the ownership of corporations really rests with the people of Main Street, control is entirely in the hands of the interests of Wall Street, Mr. Ripley believes. The author resents this fact and attempts to awaken a desire to change the present day order.

POLAR PASTURES. Vilhjalmur Stefansson in *The Forum*.

Regions as one vast unexploited source of food which is capable of feeding millions. The delicacy of the ovibos as a beef substitute is emphasized.

HEAT FROM THE STARS. George Ellery Hale in *Scribner's Magazine*.

The Honorary Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory discusses in the language of the layman certain phases of stellar activity. Tests to prove the stars radiate heat receive special attention. Illustrations and diagrams.

FLORIDA FRENZY. Gertrude Mathews Shelby in *Harper's Magazine*.

Here is the first-hand story of a woman who went to Florida in the midst of the boom, turned land-salesman, won money, lost it, and then learned to see in its true perspective the whole amazing drama now being enacted there.

THE CRISIS IN AMERICAN LAW. Roscoe Pound in *Harper's Magazine*.

The public is disturbed about our crime wave, our lawlessness, the congestion of our criminal courts. According to the Dean of Harvard Law School, these are only symptoms of a more fundamental condition which he analyzes ably and authoritatively.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF COLLEGE. Meredith Nicholson in *Good Housekeeping*.

Is a cultural education possible for those who cannot attend college? A man who left school at fifteen to trod the hard road [illegible] and is now considered one of the most

YOU ARE A WRITER. **Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?**

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

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Points of View

Edgar Lee Masters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Apparently it is still a mooted question as to whether E. L. Masters is or is not a poet. No one will deny that "Spoon River Anthology" is a powerful book, a welcome addition to our too soft and sentimental literature of the nineteenth century; but still the question remains, Is it poetry? The more radical critics have acclaimed Masters as a new poet speaking a new, but a truly poetic dialect. The more conservative critics have dismissed him as no poet at all. The most recent and in some respects the most violent and vigorous attack is to be found in Clement Wood's "Poets and Poetry of America" (1925). Mr. Wood calls Masters "a Caliban upon Helicon" and asserts that "until he learns his craft he cannot expect to be seriously considered as a poet."

The attack is made primarily on technical grounds, and naturally such an attack turns on one's definition of poetry. Mr. Wood does not fail to give us his definition: "There are two elements in poetry—on the one side of content, that it must express ideas which arouse high and noble emotions, or their opposites; on the side of technic that it must be in musical words—in a rhythm tending toward unity rather than variety, the latter being the rhythm of prose." Now, the trouble with this definition is that it is too narrow, too old-fashioned, too much like the definitions of Ruskin and of the handbooks on poetics. It definitely limits the bounds of poetry and refuses to admit that our conception of what poetry is may be enlarged both by the addition of new territory in material and by invention of new forms in technic. It excludes practically all the newer experiments in verse forms, discourages freedom of experimentation, and denies the right of revolution. It may be well to define what poetry has been, but it is never wise to set down dogmatically what poetry always must be.

When we apply the foregoing definition to Masters we will find that it is only in the second "element" that this poet falls outside the pale of poetry. There are certainly few modern authors who arouse more emotions that does Masters, ignoble emotions if you please, but nevertheless emotions. As for the second "element," everyone will admit that in these modern times the dividing line between the rhythm of poetry and the rhythm of prose is exceedingly vague and difficult to determine. And certainly now that we are beginning to throw off the tyranny of classical prosody and are inventing new rhythmic patterns with almost every new poem, no one can afford to be dogmatic on the question of what is or is not suitable rhythm to be employed in writing poetry.

All that Mr. Wood can say is that according to his definition of poetry Masters is no poet. That is his privilege; but not all of us are willing to accept his definition as final. To one brought up on the conventional ideals of poetry Mr. Wood's arguments are overwhelmingly convincing. He proves that Mr. Masters's verse is in reality prose; that Masters has little or no singing quality, no ecstasy, no fundamental æsthetic appeal. He grants him "vigor of spirit, healthy pioneering," "a vision at times of helpful clarity and a fair scattering of lines of gold," but he concludes with the withering assertion, "Scattering bottle corks can hardly keep afloat a load of lead." He prints "Daisy Frazer" as prose and puts beside it "Anne Rutledge" in its free verse form, saying that the latter has the music which the former lacks. But this is not altogether fair. How could the poet rise to the exalted lyricism of an Anne Rutledge when he is singing about a Daisy Frazer? The difference of treatment is essential because of the difference of the subject-matter. It is just as good art, just as good poetry if you please, to speak of a prostitute who regularly contributed "ten dollars and costs to the school fund of Spoon River" as to speak of a pure maiden "beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln, wedded to him, not through union, but through separation." It is rather to the discredit of the critic who would demand the poet to sing of these two in the same strain, than of the poet who had the good sense to make the discrimination.

To evaluate Masters fairly one must reconstruct his definition of poetry. One must admit that there is poetry in the hard realism of American village life as well as in the idealized dreams of fancy. Masters portrays life, but he is undoubtedly stronger when he portrays those who frankly professed the sordid life of crass realism. Many poets have given us the idealized types of the Anne Rutledges, but few have realized the poetic possibilities of Daisy Frazers, Hodd Putts, and Lucius Athertons as Masters has done. Mr. Wood does not object to Masters' exaggeration of the sordid side of the village life, to his over-emphasis on the sex motive, to his selection of ugly material, but he demands that the poet treat this material with the same technic that the idealist would use in treating entirely different material. That is asking the impossble.

We must, then, enlarge our definition of poetry to include not only the new material of the drab, commonplace, lust-laden village life, but also to extend our ideas of what rhythms and poetic technic will best present this sort of material. There is, after all, a sort of appropriate magic in the very prosiness and flatness of many of Masters's lines. We are charmed with the realism of the treatment as well as the accuracy of the portraiture. No other poetic form, we feel, would arouse the same amount of emotion or stir the imagination so powerfully. We must conclude, then, that the very absence of the ordinary diction and the poetic devices of conventional, old-fashioned verse makes up the chief merit of this new sort of poetry. Hogarth invented a new technic for his "Harlot's Progress," "Marriage á la Mode," and similar serial portraits of much the same sort of life that Masters treats, and we have no hesitation in classifying Hogarth's work as good art in its kind. Why, then, may not Masters's poetry be accepted as good art in its new kind?

L. W. PAYNE, JR.
University of Texas.

Out on Camelopards

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*.
Sir:

Just a word *de bas en haut* touching Mr. Bacon's review of "Thunder On The Left." The book is, according to Mr. Bacon, at best but a Pyrrhic Victory, a statement which intrigues me as I have always understood the term to mean success at heavy cost, so heavy as to jeopardize the chance of final victory. The book then is a success, but by virtue of what spae-wife quality does Mr. Bacon thus thrust Morley's final victories in pawn? We are told further that it will be in another and better book that Mr. Morley will tell us of his discoveries in the continent of fantasy. One might add that it will also have to be a book the point of which Mr. Bacon may be able to grasp for in this case it is too obvious that the Thunder has been for him far too far upon his left. We understand that he was grieved to find no Camelopards drowsing in the mottled shadows; Camelopards forsooth, when it is the normality of the related experiences that establishes the book's somewhat sinister and troubling spell. In God's name let us have no Camelopards. We prefer our Morley as he is and not a Du Chaillu far gone in dotage who remembers his Africa teeming with angry hunyips and mastodons with fins and, always, Camelopards.

This is all vehement but *sans rancune*.

But really if Mr. Morley is a New Englander lost in the tropical bush Mr. Bacon is a Masai wandering and bewildered in the no less subtle and mysterious landscape of New England. Tropical bush! What a strange, strange word for it.

New York. CAMERON ROGERS

"Manhattan Transfer"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Beguiled by Mr. Sinclair Lewis's review, I was intrigued into plunking down two dollars for "Manhattan Transfer." Bermuda must certainly have retarded Mr. Lewis's critical faculties, for although I believe that "Manhattan Transfer" is a very interesting book and even a significant one, it does not seem to me that Mr. Dos Passos has succeeded in producing a picture of life in New York City which as a whole is either true or just.

Real life—in New York or indeed in any city—is not lived entirely in cafés and bedrooms. Real people are not exclusively tramps, bootleggers, financial failures, discontented journalists, low politicians, actresses, and wasters—all soaked in sin and intent on adultery. Genuine human beings are neither so completely corroded nor so debauched as Mr. Dos Passos [illegible]

tremely well the seamy side of Father Knickerbocker's gorgeous mantle. A book about the people of New York, however, cannot with justice be described as "the blood and meat of eternal humanity" which does not exhibit life in its true perspective. This, Mr. Dos Passos's novel does not achieve, and it is for this reason that I believe that it does not deserve the distinction that its reviewer has showered on it.

Mr. Lewis asserts that "Manhattan Transfer" shows us a great panorama of New York. Is this not a gross exaggeration? If such a book is really possible, it must contain considerably more than is met with here. It must show the decency and the conventionality of the middle and business classes; the hopes, struggles, and clashes of the numerous racial elements upon whom the forces of the new world are breaking; the activity and the thoughts of the little groups of earnest intellectuals; the character of the dwindling aristocracy; and many, many other aspects of life on Manhattan Island.

A simple test for each New Yorker who reads "Manhattan Transfer" would be to ask himself: "Is this *my* New York?" I think that a comparatively small number of the answers will be "Yes."

ALLAN G. HARPER
Boston, Mass.

To a Critic

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Does Mr. Sinclair Lewis, in his review of "Manhattan Transfer" in your Christmas number, quite hit a bull's-eye when he says, "It is, indeed, the technique of the movie, in its flashes, its cutbacks, its speed?" "Flashes," "speed"—yes; but what about the utter lack of continuity, the entire absence of even vestiges of transitional material? Only the "News reel" offers a true parallel, it seems to me, and Mr. Lewis does not tell us he means exclusively the News reel. What else does this succession of unrelated incidents suggest? "Large numbers of persons," Mr. Lewis says, "are going to say that it is the technique of the movie." Are not some of those persons going to feel their way a little further and discover that it is, rather, the technique of the radio? "It differs from the movie," the reviewer goes on to say, in that "it does not deal only with the outsides of human beings." Similarly it differs from the radio. But I see Mr. Dos Passos —and an impressive vision it is—as sitting at the marvellous instrument of his imagination, "tuning in" with the wave lengths of the souls of all the men and women of his creation, shifting in the fraction of a second, by an infinitesimal change of "setting," from one of them to another. And the overwhelming sadness of the book, so unmitigated as to be untrue to life in which, even to the most unfortunate, at least a few happy moments do occur—what is that but the ever-present unearthly wail of static—the voice of all the sorrow of the world— rising, falling,swelling to a shriek that drowns the music fading to a whisper?

Will not Mr. Sinclair perhaps recognize that this is really what was in the back of his mind?

RUTH SCHUYLER COLE
Indianapolis, Ind.

Negro Songs

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

R. Emmet Kennedy in his review of "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," gives reason based on consideration of the music itself for thinking that the Negro songs had no root in the ballad music of the southern Appalachians.

My reason for agreeing with him is that of the layman whose childhood was passed in the mountain region, who heard the ballads only when summering up in the hills, and heard the "Spirituals" when a Negro nurse took her to revivals.

Aside from the fact that there are no mountains or mountain people in the cotton belt where many of these Spirituals must have originated, the black and the mountaineer never foregathered in any sense. An absymal contempt on both sides held them apart when geography did not. The mountaineers were never slave owners; the slave, where he contacted them at all lumped them as "Po' white trash."

And I have a relative who made a driving trip through the Kentucky mountains upward of forty years ago who has told how the Negro driver he took in with [illegible] instances the first black

The valley whites of quality, whom the Negro might conceivably have imitated, did not sing the old ballads, in my day. When I helped Emma Bell Miles to gather the songs she used to write a paper on "Some American Music" which was published in *Harper's* about fifteen years ago, we found that even the old people of the valleys did not know them. Mrs. Miles, artist, poet, and writer, was a mountaineer of the mountaineers, and she had to dig back into her ancestry—her people had come from the Kentucky mountains to the Tennessee mountains—to get what she wanted.

GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE
Carmel, California.

A Valid Objection

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

You did what was doubtless an unwitting injustice to William Ellery Leonard on November 28th, by publishing an article which its author, Mr. Louis Untermeyer, informs us was written several months ago. At the head of the article, Mr. Leonard's narrative poem, "Two Lives," was listed: "Privately Printed as Manuscript;" and in the second paragraph his "Tutankhamen and After," (a miscellany published last year), was called his "latest volume."

"Two Lives," as many of your readers know, was privately circulated "as manuscript" in 1922; and Mr. Untermeyer was among those who saw it in that form. But it has since been published by us (October 30) in a regular trade edition, and the review, appearing just at this time, is misleading. Mr. Untermeyer gave most of his emphasis to "Tutankhamen and After," a new volume at the time he wrote the article; and he refrained from extended comment on "Two Lives" because it then existed only "as manuscript" and was not public property. It is to be hoped that he will make its recent publication the occasion for a fuller review.

B. W. HUEBSCH and THE VIKING PRESS
New York.

Joel Barlow

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Since I am writing the definitive biography of the American poet and statesman, Joel Barlow (1754-1812), I would be pleased to communicate with any individual or institution owning manuscripts or papers of Barlow or relating to him.

THEODORE A. ZUNDER
Yale University.

Yaddo, the country estate of the late Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Trask, at Saratoga Springs, New York, opens next June as a temporary residence through the summer for a limited number of creative workers. The plan whereby their home should offer hospitality to creative workers and thereby make its contribution to American arts and letters was formulated by Mr. and Mrs. Trask as early as 1899.

Guests will live in the mansion where studios will also be provided for them. The estate, situated as it is in one of the most healthful and scenic regions of the East, will also furnish its guests with that measure of rest and recreation necessary for creative work.

The estate and its activities are directed by the Corporation of Yaddo consisting of eleven members: George Foster Peabody is President of the Corporation and Miss Allena Pardes is Secretary. An additional advisory board is empowered to select and invite guests. Mrs. John Carroll Ames is the Executive Director.

Many of these NEW BOOKS, *which have been received, will be reviewed later.*

GAME TRAILS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA. By *A. Bryan Williams.* Scribners. $5.
BEAUTIFUL CANADA. By *Vernon Quinn.* Stokes. $4.
BOULEVARDS ALL THE WAY—MAYBE! By *James Montgomery Flagg.* Doran. $2 net.
MARBLE'S ROUND THE WORLD TRAVEL GUIDE. By *Fred E. Marble.* Harper. $5.00.
GLORIES OF THE CAROLINA COAST. By *James Henry Rice, Jr.* Columbia, S. C.: Bryan.
ROADS OF ADVENTURE. By *Ralph D. Paine.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
THESE WAITING HILLS. By *John Russell McCarthy.* Times Mirror.
THE CHINESE THEATER. By *A. E. Zucker.* Little, Brown.
THE LAND OF POCO TIEMPE. By *Charles F. Lummis.* Scribners. $3.
BAEDEKER'S NORTHERN GERMANY. Seventeenth Edition. $5.
THE COUNTRY THAT I LOVE. By *Marie, Queen of Romania.* Brentanos. $4.50.
MOTORING IN FRANCE. By *R. R. Gordon-Barrett.* Brentanos.
THE STORY OF DURHAM By *William Kenneth*

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

BRUCE ROGERS: DESIGNER OF BOOKS

THE bibliography of Bruce Rogers, first announced in these columns last summer, has just been issued by the Harvard University Press, bearing the title, "Bruce Rogers: Designer of Books," by Frederic Warde, with a list of the books printed under Mr. Rogers's supervision. It has been published in two editions: a limited edition of 210 copies, and a trade edition. The limited edition is an octavo, printed on handsome paper, bound in brown boards, and containing illustrations not included in the unlimited edition. The volume is a handsome piece of typography.

This monograph appeared originally in the fourth number of *The Fleuron*, and has been reprinted with few alterations. Nearly fifty pages are devoted to Mr. Warde's biographical and critical study of Mr. Rogers and his work. Mr. Warde says:

"Mr. Rogers finds himself prematurely an old master, with a larger number of admirers than has followed a book designer, as such, for a long time. What fame he had before the war has increased with the number of the instructed; what influence his methods have had upon his contemporaries—and it has been sharply traceable—has become far more important now that there are so many printers aspiring to the level of his work. Those who have played the largest part in making the thistle mark and the imprint "B. R." prominent in auction rooms and sales catalogues are amateurs of two kinds. There is the student of typography, who has found that each volume thus marked offers legitimate yet audacious points of comparison with some historical manner of printing, thus subtly challenging his learning and taste. And there is the bibliophile, who finds the same fascination in a collection of Rogers imprints that he would find in the company of someone who could play faultlessly upon fifteen instruments; it is this type of admirer who dwells upon the range of style in the printer's work, as if his versatility was almost a freak of nature rather than the normal working of a mind nicely balanced between sympathy and intolerance. Numerically this latter class makes up a large proportion of Mr. Roger's public. . ." And it is this class with which we are concerned here.

The collector, especially the Rogers collector, will find this book an ideal guide. Mr. Warde's study is illuminating, and this is followed by a list comprising practically all of the books designed by Mr. Rogers during the past thirty years which either possess literary value or are of special interest because of the manner of presentation, classified under the general heading "Two Centuries of Books Designed By Bruce Rogers and Printed at Various Presses," and arranged under the following classifications: "B. R. Incunabula," "At the Riverside Press," "At the Munder Press," "At the Montague Press," "At the University Press" (Cambridge, Mass.), "At the Mall Press," "At the University Press" (Cambridge, England), "At the Printing House of William Edwin Rudge," and "At the Harvard University Press." Just 200 items are arranged under these subheadings.

Mr. Warde says that "the chronological arrangement of this hand-list and the abbreviated form of many of the titles will hardly commend it to bibliographers, but the consecutive numbering and the index at the end will, it is hoped, sufficiently take the place of an alphabetical arrangement." Whatever the bibliographers may say, we believe it is just the kind of a handbook that the collector needs and will appreciate. The grouping of the books under the various presses at which they were printed is of the greatest importance, and the titles and notes furnish all the information that the collector requires.

One thing may be taken for granted, with this admirable guide available for the collector Rogers imprints will be more in demand than ever. This book will bring many new collectors into the field, and old collectors will be encouraged to go forward with renewed energy in adding to their collections.

PAPERS OF THE PRESIDENTS

MR. CHARLES MOORE, acting chief of the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress is authority for the statement that the widow of President Harding burned practically all of the letters he left concerning political and national affairs. Mr. Moore had endeavored to obtain from Mrs. Harding any state papers that her husband might have left to add to the collection of presidential documents in the archives of the library. Mrs. Harding told representatives of the library that she had destroyed her husband's letters, consisting chiefly of communications written to him. There were only a few copies of those he had written.

The originals of letters written by Mr. Harding while he was president or previously in his public career are in the hands chiefly of the persons to whom they were addressed. Copies of some of these were made and most of these are in the custody of the Harding Memorial Association. The Library of Congress has not been able to obtain possession of them, despite the fact that they would constitute a notable addition to its collection of presidential papers and give to President Harding a proper representation.

During last year the long lost papers of President Arthur were added to the presidential papers in the Library of Congress. Fifteen years of diligent search were required and appeals were made to personal and political friends of President Arthur before his letters were located and acquired. The weakest link in the chain of presidential papers is now the Harding link, and for that reason the library officials are anxious to obtain not only the letters in custody of the Harding Memorial Association, but also those which Mr. Harding wrote to personal and political friends and which are now in their possession. If the originals cannot be obtained the library would like to obtain photostat copies or photographs of them.

NOTE AND COMMENT

LAST week Salem, Mass., unveiled a statue to its most celebrated literary figure, Nathaniel Hawthorne.

⁂ ⁂

Exhibits illustrating the literature, music, and art of the negro, prepared by the staff of the 135th Street Branch of the New York Public Library, have been displayed in the main building at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue.

⁂ ⁂

Among the few documents that have turned up concerning New York's first printer, William Bradford, the title deed to the premises occupied by Bradford when he started his first printing press here must easily rank first. This item was recently acquired by Henry Collins Brown of this city, who has temporarily placed it in the Museum of the City of New York, of which he is director.

⁂ ⁂

An exhibition of autograph letters and portraits of President Wilson are on view at the Jones Library, Amherst College, Amherst, Mass. This exhibition, planned in connection with the sixty-ninth anniversary of the birth of the twenty-eighth president of the United States, is probably unique in that Ray Stannard Baker, official biographer of the war president, various libraries, and dealers in Wilsoniana, have loaned many of their treasures for this purpose.

⁂ ⁂

Eugene Field, the children's poet, who has rested amid unpretentious surroundings in Graceland Cemetery, will soon have a new resting place in the Episcopal Church of the Holy Comforter, at Kenilworth, Ill. The Field tomb will be in the close of an elaborate cloister now being completed connecting the church with the parish rectory. It will be known as the Eugene Field Memorial Cloister Close. On a plain slab over the tomb will be carved Field's name, with parts of some of his best known children's poems.

⁂ ⁂

Books and autographs, selections from the libraries of the late Edmund Penhold and William Hall Penhold, comprising many fine sporting books; the late Dr. William W. Walker, and also he late W. W. C. Wilson, Part II, general literature; together with another instalment, Part III, of Bret Harte autograph letters consigned by Geoffrey Bret Harte, will be sold at the American Art Galleries, January 11 and 12, the Association's first book sale of the New Year. This sale contains many choice and desirable books for the general reader and not a few of interest to the discriminating collector.

The "Editions du Siecle" are publishing the first ultra-luxurious edition of Rémy de Gourmont's "Lettres d'un Satyre," from new Elzivir type, and with fifteen etchings by the Flemish engraver, Frans de Geetere. The edition is by subscription, and a unique copy on "old Japan" is already subscribed for at 3,500 francs. Gourmont, it will be remembered, died in 1915. He was a "great humanist" and a genuine thinker. Some of his books are given over to obsession of "amour," but twenty volumes of Chronicles, literary, philosophical, linguistic, etc., present his genius in another light.

⁂ ⁂

The "Editions des Quatre Chemins" publish fac-simile reproductions of rare old French works. They have already produced Francois Villon's "Grand Testament Villon et le Petit, son codicille, le Jargon et ses Balades," and Rabelais' "La Dance Macabre et la Pent[illegible] which are pref[illegible] They announce [illegible] Compost et Caler[illegible] duction of the most complete edition of this celebrated work dating from the earliest days of the printing press, also prefaced by M. Champion, and the famous "Maistre Pierre Pathelin," fac-simile of the rarest of copies belonging to the Bibliothéque Nationale, with a notice by Richard T. Holbrook.

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(Mr. J. J. Lankes was unable to write anything on THUNDER ON THE LEFT, so instead he contributed this woodcut impression of the book. Mr. Preston's letter, which we print below, we earnestly call to the attention of all readers, reviewers, and publishers, believing it to contain much sound comment which, if properly digested, will act for their common good. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*)

1361 Madison Avenue
New York City
19. XII. 1925

Dear Sir:

May I be allowed to express my very humble opinion regarding Mr. Morley's "Thunder on the Left"? I use the word humble because it is the only enduring vanity left to us nowadays.

Having read both the Saturday Review criticism and the one which appeared in the New York Times, I am strongly inclined to the belief that neither one of the reviewers went to the heart of the matter with anything resembling, or even approaching discernment. The latter writer is more correct than Mr. Bacon, and more observing, for he saw Mr. Morley's sensitiveness to words, his savouring of exquisite sentences, and his fastidiousness of selection—things which it is the duty of the true critic to notice before any other elements of a work of art. But, upon the other hand, your reviewer delivered a good stroke when he complained that Mr. Morley's characters are not convincing—with, of course, the exception of the two women. The husband, to be sure, has a certain singular interest; but the supposedly remarkable Martin is merely an unhappy instance of the danger besetting an author who tries to develop the psychological side with such fragilely swift touches as to make the fine web subject to easy destruction. Here the novelist has been too vague, too sketchy, and what was intended to be a delicate study has resulted in a failure. However, I do not mean to say that Mr. Morley has been unsuccessful throughout as a psychologist. On the contrary, he has succeeded admirably. Joyce is an adorable creation worthy of the gods; the author has analysed with exceeding delicacy the workings of her inner conscience. Some of his character examinations remind one strangely of Conrad; but, while Mr. Morley has a quick, joyous lightness that was sorrily not Conrad's, he cannot fully compare with the great Pole in that he has not the same insistence of impression. Conrad created his man, knew him thoroughly, discoursed endlessly about him, and was perfectly remorseless in analysis, all with that curious impersonal quality which was his very personality. Now, Mr. Morley does these things too, but somehow and somewhere we are conscious that all is not done with the same vital, irreproachable force.

Still, that is not exactly the point. The point is (to my mind) that "Thunder on the Left" is valuable for something apart from all that. In an age when most novelists find life in unbathed flesh and leave it bleeding, it is not a little encouraging to recognize that we are in the presence of a man who sees, through the medium of an imagination on tip-toe, into the truer "life beyond life," a man who, in his own words, knows "that poets have not lied; that fairy tales are true; that life is hunger, and for every emptiness caters its own just food." Here, too, is a man who knows that realism, as a method, is merely the last refuge of those who do not see human nature, and that the clearness of fantasy is the mother of all reality. For the fact is, that fantasy considers life in its permanent relations, while realism simply takes a bad photograph of its more transient and incidental aspects. Only a man with a fleet sense of humour and a winged imagination (Christopher Morley has the qualifications) can show us how essentially grave and amusing our earthly playtime is.

It seems to me that here is a significance that both the aforementioned reviewers completely missed. And even if that imp which is journalism does sometime push his ugly face into the work, and even if some spots are not perfectly balanced, Mr. Morley achieved a piece of art—if only on the merits of style, which is the true and ultimate test of literature—that deserves to live.

And now, pray, permit me to say another thing. In my opinion all reviewers nowadays take themselves too seriously. Some do it because they have nothing to say and are trying to hide their poverty by going about in mourning. Others do it because they have something to say and do not know how to say it. They think it admirable to identify themselves with some school of writers, and then praise it so highly that the school goes out of fashion. Some adopt the pose of iconoclasts and spit contemptuously on all the past. Others mistrust the present and either live on optimism for the brilliance of the future, or else waste their time on trying to revive dead issues. I think all are ridiculous. And then there are more who say: Behold! modern literature is unreadable and ancient literature is not read! Now, these fellows are often amusing and never have been known to do any harm—nor anything else. At times an excellent critic appears who has a strong catholic appetite, but immediately he puts himself on a diet as a matter of principle. The plea is for a man who can give a generous hand to everything that fulfills its promise of art, a man who can kneel at his favourite shrine without losing his temper and feeling uncomfortable when he sees people worshiping at another, a man who has no crazy desire to break every existent image in the world because he has constructed one on different principles, and, above all, a man who is so completely himself that he can always be amused by the poses of his companions. And there let the matter of criticism rest. Deep sleep, good friend, deep sleep, until some fine fellow comes at last to waken you. . . .

Sincerely yours,
JOHN HYDE PRESTON (Signed)

The Phoenix Nest

THE end of December found us reading much Christmas-card poetry. Though the missives we received from our friends were often delightful in rhyme, the cards through which we shuffled for appropriate sentiments to broadcast seemed to us far more ingenuous than ingenious. Therefore, when the following drifted to our desk the blue Monday after Yule, we were in a mood to appreciate its gracefulness. We print it because it seems to us a most pleasing literary impromptu. Its story is this: *Joseph Lewis French*, the multifold anthologist and collector of tales, received from his Cousin Mary in Vermont the attractive gift of a quill pen, with a note hoping that it would prove inspirational. The opportunity proving irresistible, he used the blank page of the missive for the subjoined reply—hence the final reference to space limitations. The reply is entitled "To My Cousin Mary, on the Gift of a Goose-Quill Pen":

Perchance the bird that one time bore
This feather of a grey goose-quill
Had waddled on Pactolian shore,
Nay!—strutted up Parnassus' hill!

Or, mayhap 'twas that noble duck
To let the Muses down a peg
That wrought such wonderful good luck—
The Goose that laid the Golden Egg!

Or—likelier still—in lordly wrath
This bird whose quills my verses vaunt
Hissed frightened youngsters from the path
In some green vale in old Vermont.

The theme is endless, this you'll grant,
From menaced Rome to Mother Goose—
But space bids end this feathery chant.
I'll learn the feather's wiser use!

* * * We rather envy *Rupert Hughes* his new studio. It is in his new home on Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, the house being built around a central patio. The studio room is a room nearly fifty feet long and two stories high, with built-in cases for Mr. Hughes's library of ten thousand volumes. Quite a rumpus was kicked up a while ago in England by *Mr. Thornton Butterworth's* publishing "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion in the Year 1764-1765," by *Cleone Knox*, edited by her kinsman, *Alexander Blacker Kerr*. * * * *Jack Squire* reviewed the whole circumstance in *The Observer*, the end of November last. He threw considerable doubt upon the book's authenticity. * * * *Max Pemberton* lighted into it also, very humorously, and *The Dispatch* referred to the book as the "Female Pepys Mystery" or "Who was Miss Knox of County Down?" * * * Whether Mr. Alexander Blacker Kerr is a real person or no seems to be a moot point. Burke's "Landed Gentry" throws no light upon this particular branch of the Knox pedigree. All actual evidence of the whilom existence of Miss Cleone Knox of Kearney Castle is entirely omitted, if there is any. * * * The diary is extremely lively, in fact quite "naughty." Queerly enough it has the shape of a novel. As a diary, it seems to have been prepared with unusual clairvoyance concerning the mind of the modern reader! * * * It looks to us as if the whole thing were quite a clever hoax, not clever enough to elude certain sharp English wits, however.* * * The *Theatre Arts Magazine* now begins its tenth year. In 1916, when there were not half a dozen men in America writing intelligently about the theatre, this magazine started, with an emphasis on stage-design. But it also began to publish plays, by *Copeau*, by *Stark Young*, by *Eugene O'Neill*, by *Pirandello, Kreymberg, Zoë Akins, Franz Molnar, Padraic Colum*, and so on. Its audience has grown rapidly in numbers. It deserves national support. We know we find it one of the most attractive magazines of every month. * * * A certain contributor to the *Theatre Arts* is an Englishwoman, *Velona Pilcher*. * * * We mentioned her the other day, remarking that we wondered whether the name was real or a *nom de plume*. * * * It seems that the name is quite real, and that our comment was instrumental in apprising a Miss *Eleanor Gooding* of the continued existence of Miss Pilcher, who, it appears, is an old friend. * * * Which makes us feel quite like a *deus ex machina!* * * * *Rosamond Johnson* and his protégé, *Taylor Gordon*, have just signed up with the concert manager, *Richard Copley*, to tour the United States singing spirituals taken from "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" for which Mr. Johnson arranged the music. * * * Rosamond is now, besides his concert work, arranging additional scores for two other volumes, one of new spirituals and the other of negro secular music, including work songs and convict songs. * * * A new and beautiful book is "Four Tales by Zélide," from Scribner. It bears an introduction by *Geoffrey Scott*, who, in his former "Portrait of Zélide," charmingly introduced *Madame de Charrière*, the eighteenth-century heroine of life, love and letters, to the modern world. * * * Another little new magazine, *The Bohemian*, makes its appearance! It is published quarterly at 2819 S. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago. This journal of art and satire is not extremely important, but one poem in it of two by *Anne Mary Seccombe*—a poem called "Having no Passionate Speech," seems to us quite fine. * * * Doran has shot us a couple of brochures on *W. Somerset Maugham* and *E. V. Lucas*. Idly turning the leaves of the one about Maugham we came upon his correspondence with *Frances Van Buren Hale*, which we had never happened to read in the *Bookman*. In his last letter to this lady, concerning the literary hopes and fears of her son, it was interesting to find him (Maugham) saying of *Carl Van Vechten's* "The Tattooed Countess":

He will find in it a model of form which alone makes the book a pleasure to read; and he will find also ingenious characterization and an enchanting humor. He cannot read it attentively without obtaining from it valuable instruction, profit and edification. It is a perfect example of perhaps the most difficult book to write: the light novel.

This we are glad to read, as "The Tattooed Countess" is one of those novels that keep coming back into our mind every once in a while with almost startling vividness. We can no longer conceal from ourselves the fact that it may have qualities of permanence as a work of art! * * * And, inasmuch as its title was a flight of pure inspiration, of course they retitled the "movie" made from it, "A Woman of the World." * * * Oh God, Oh Montreal! *John Lawson* is finishing a new play, "Nirvana." We'll lay our money on it. * * * The other evening we found "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" a most satisfactory Midwinter Night's entertainment. * * * Oh *Ina Claire*, Oh Ina Claire, still fresh and rare, still fresh and rare! * * * They are still clarifying *Stevenson*—at least, *George S. Hellman*, author of "Washington Irving, Esquire," has now taken a flier at "The True Stevenson." * * * Presumably this book would please the shade of *Henley*, laying, as it purports to do, the Stevenson "myth." Or maybe Henley is more mellow as a shade! * * * The day that the spirited author of "Thunder on the Left" was out in Chicago wrestling with the Modern Language Association, we picked up *Harry Hansen's* column in *The Chicago Daily News*, and read as follows:

Hush! Hush Whisper who dares!
Christopher Morley is saying his prayers.

This headed a long, rambling, and not very interesting discourse upon "Thunder on the Left," which, however, in the second column, introduced a new factor, one *Richard C. Burritt*, who dropped in on Hansen to maintain that "Thunder on the Left" was "a constructive, incompletely metaphysical work that loses none of its beauty because it is incomplete, and none of its power." So Hansen let Burritt review it. * * * Burritt is a layman and made his points rather clumsily, but we agree with his main thesis. Certainly Chris's novel has been causing more debate and discussion than most recent fiction. * * * And it has roused to enthusiasm much opinion ordinarily caustically critical. * * * As for us, we think it's a whale of a book! * * * We see that *Philip Guedalla* has written on old *Dr. Ben Franklin* in the Forum Americana series in the January issue of *The Forum*. And, in the same number, *Chesterton* agilely dances the hierarchic tight-rope in Number One of a series of Confessions of Faith, with "Why I am a Catholic." * * * *Elinor Wylie* is progressing through the latter part of a new novel, which is to bear the delightful title "Mortal Image." * * * We received from our publishers, just after Christmas, a statement concerning two books we once perpetrated. We were delighted to find that in the past year two copies had been sold of our novel. This compensated somewhat for the fact that the book of poems simply registered "No Sales." * * * We still owe our publishers twenty-six dollars and seventy-one cents! * * * Main floor—all out!

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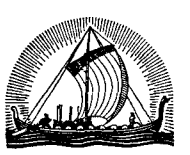

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